FULL OF DAINTY SUMMER GIRLS.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

10 cents

Drawn especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Archie Gunn.

JULY 1899

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Beautiful Women

FRECKLES and TAN Positively Removed

Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach

THE RELIABLE REMEDY

FOR MORE than 20 years Mme. A. Ruppert's Renowned Face Bleach has been the only reliable remedy for beautifying the complexion and for removing entirely all diseases and discolorations from the skin.

The public in that time have seen the rise and fall of many imitators, but Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach still stands unequaled in its wonderful merit, and each year has seen an increase in the demand for this wonderful preparation, until now its sale has reached almost a million bottles annually.

The following facts make Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach so popular

1. It is harmless to the most delicate skin.
2. It is an external application, the presence of which cannot be detected.
3. It is a sure and quick cure for Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Freckles, Moth Patches, Tan, and, in fact, for all diseases or discolorations of the skin.
4. It does not cover up the blemishes as cosmetics do, but acts on the skin as a tonic, producing a naturally pure complexion.
5. It does not require constant use to effect a cure, as usually from one to three bottles will clear the worst complexion.
6. All the above is guaranteed by Mme. Ruppert, who has been known to the public for more than 20 years as the leading complexion specialist.

The price of Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach is $2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles—sometimes required—$5.00. It can be had at the parlors of Mme. Ruppert or can be sent safely by express, securely packed in plain wrapper, to any address on receipt of price. All correspondence is strictly confidential. Mme. Ruppert never uses the names of her patrons for testimonials, as she regards the delicacy of women in such matters too highly. You are cordially invited to call or write and all your inquiries will be cheerfully answered. Mme. Ruppert's book, "How To Be Beautiful," will be mailed you upon request or can be had at parlors.

Mme. A. RUPPERT

8–10 EAST 14th STREET NEW YORK CITY

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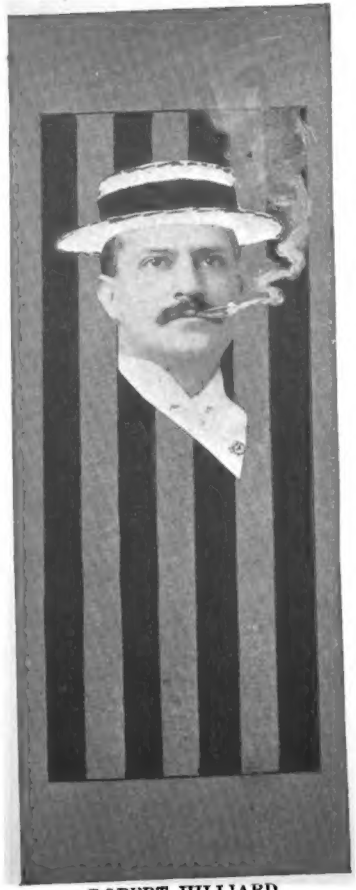
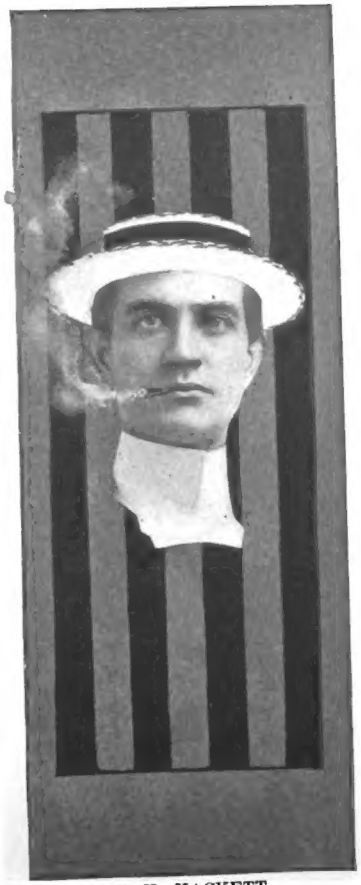
MAURICE BARRYMORE.



ROBERT HILLIARD.

E. J. MORGAN.



J. K. HACKETT.

FOUR CIGARS; A FEW STRAW HATS; ALSO SOME ACTORS.

From photographs by Sarony and Pach. With a few embellishments by a BROADWAY MAGAZINE artist.

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THE SUMMER GIRL.

HE—But how shall I know that you really love me?
SHE—Why, I shall probably agree to be engaged to you clear up to September. Isn't that proof of my devotion?

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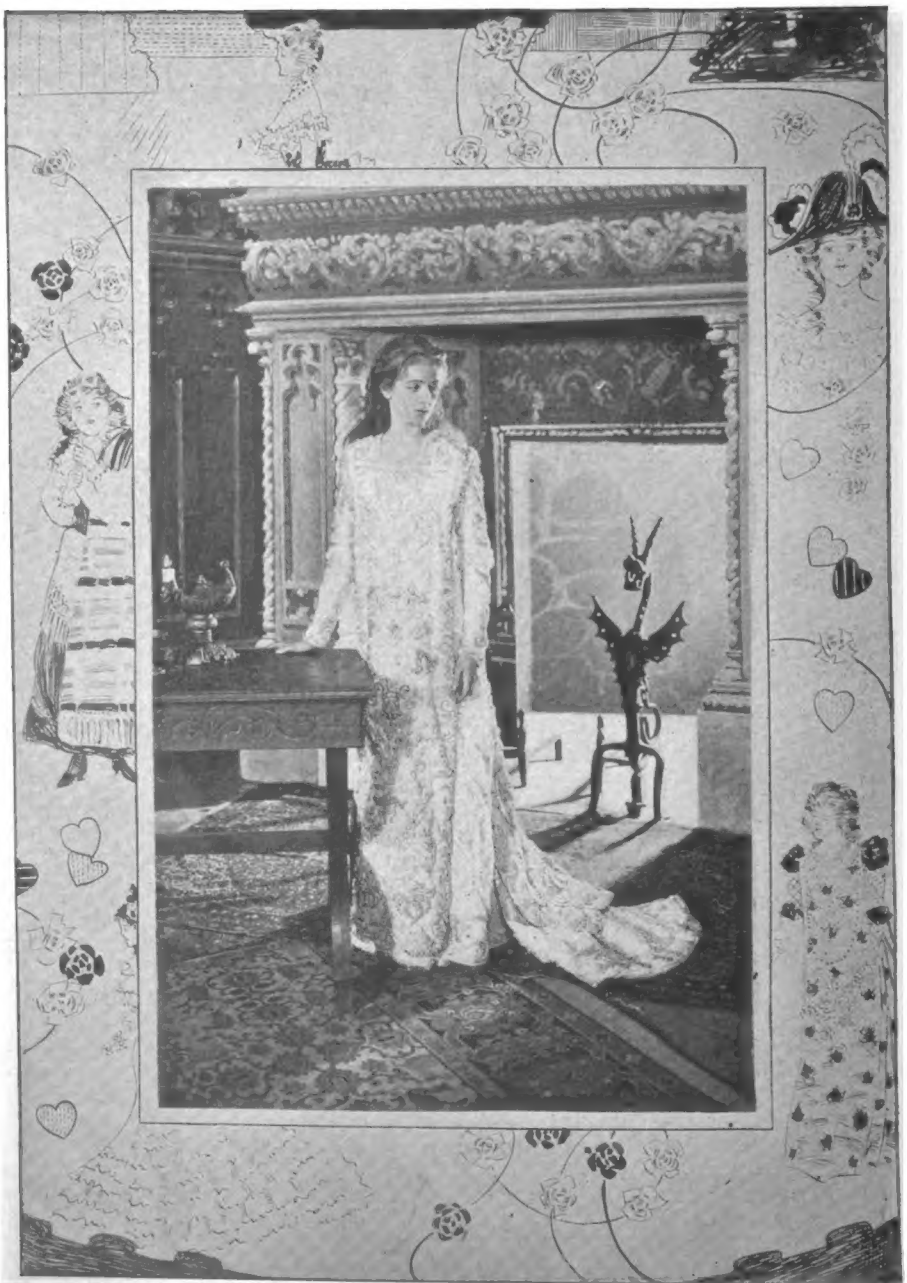

From a flashlight photograph by Joseph Byron and marginal decorations by E. Fletcher.

MAUDE ADAMS AS JULIET, IN SCENE 3, ACT IV., OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

This was one of the most important American productions in years. Miss Adams made a distinct hit as *Juliet*. The mere fact that William Faversham played *Romeo* and James K. Hackett *Mercutio* proves how interesting the event was to the matinée girls as well as to those folk who applaud such pretentious and unusual presentations of Shakesperian drama.

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The Spirit of Summer.
From a crayon drawing by Barton Ferris.

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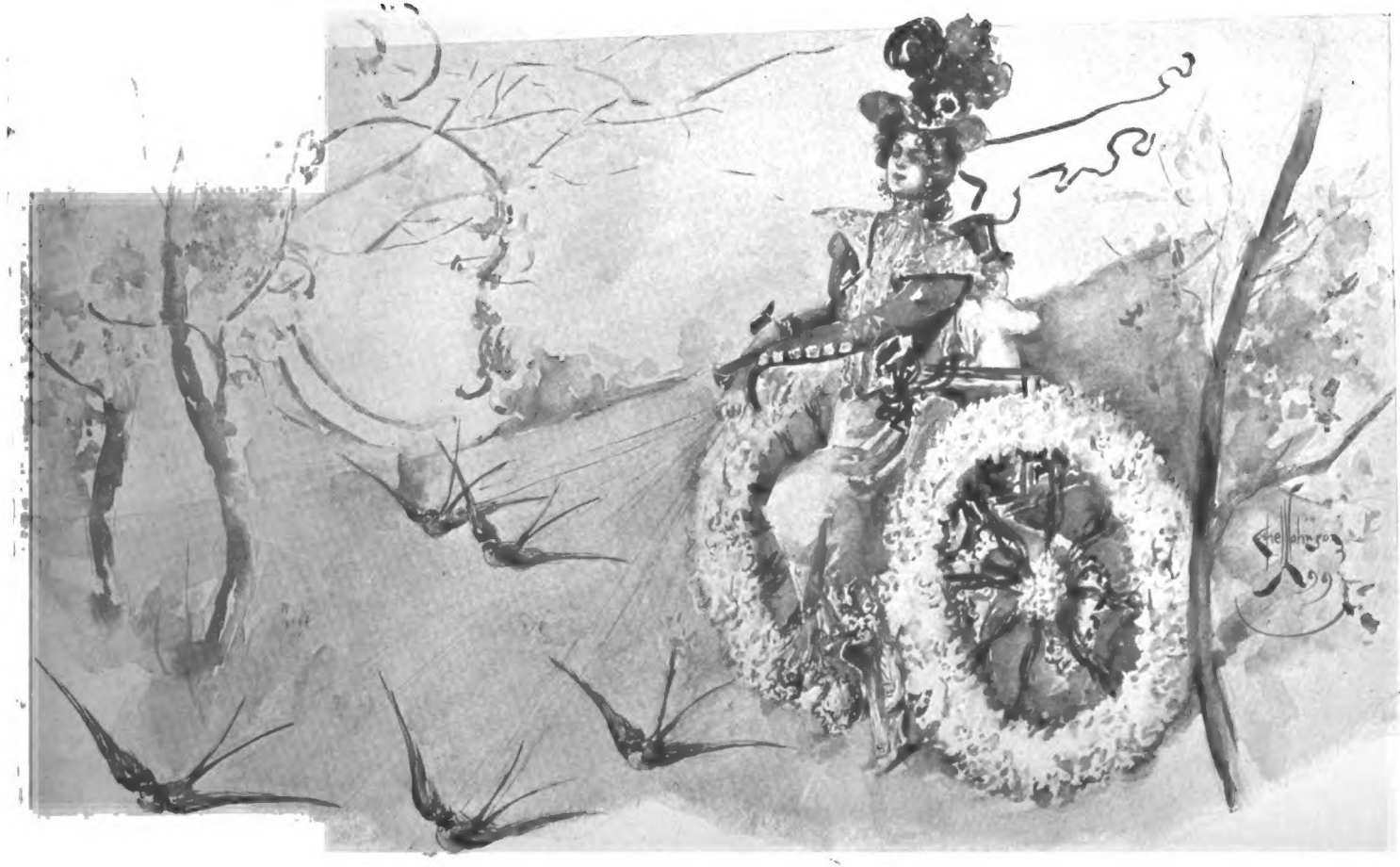

THE SUMMER GIRL OF 1899.

As seen by Miss Ethel Johnson, one of the cleverest young artists of America. Miss Johnson excels in the realm of the fanciful, as exemplified by this picture.

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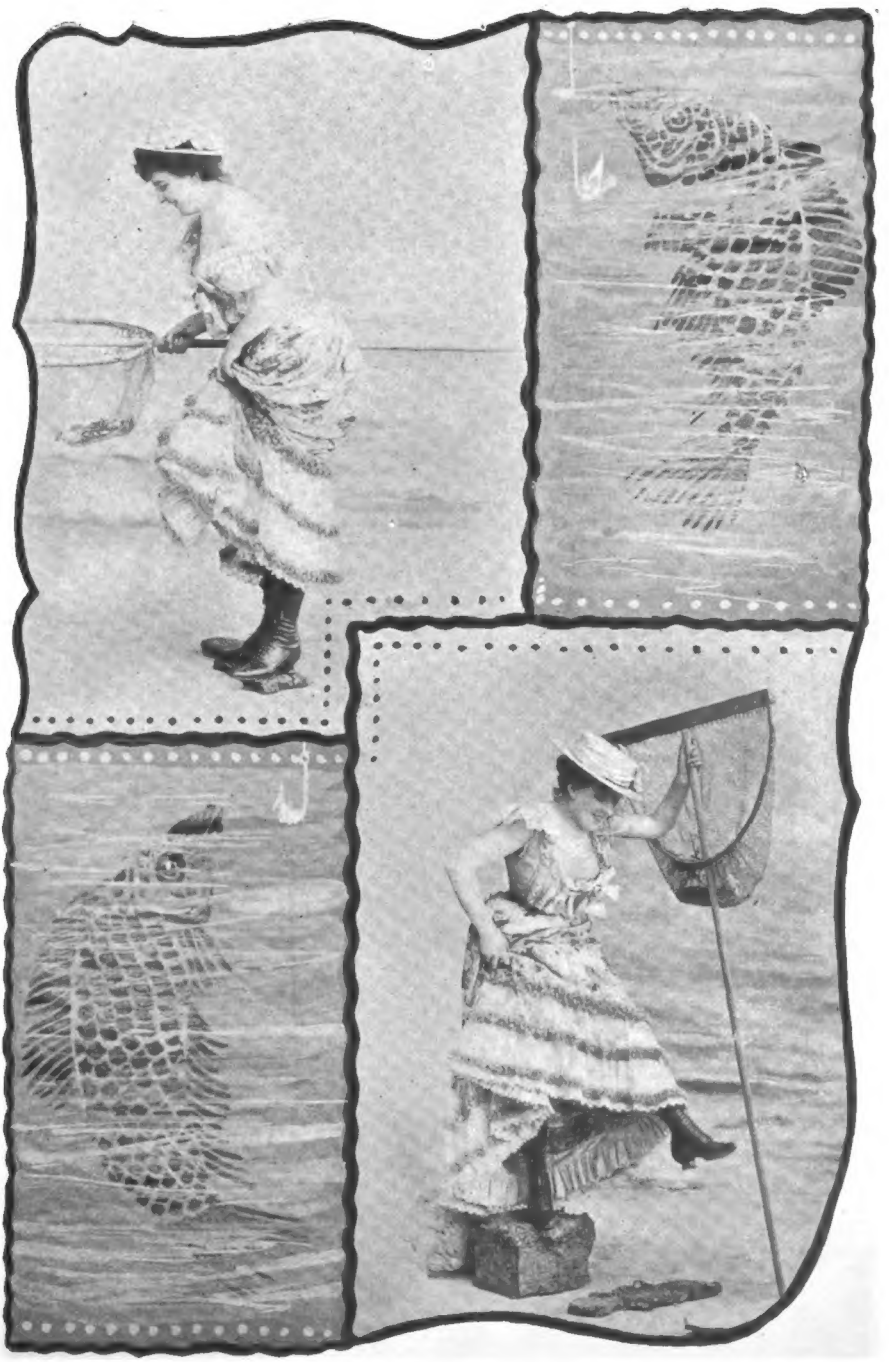

THE LONG BRANCH GIRL AND THE NET.

Crabs are not the only things she catches on the beach. Sometimes it's a straw hat, a cigarette and a black mustache. When it is, heaven help the fellow if he doesn't know the difference between ice-cream soda and mint julep. She'll teach him so fast his head will swim. Gay girl; careless net; poor man.

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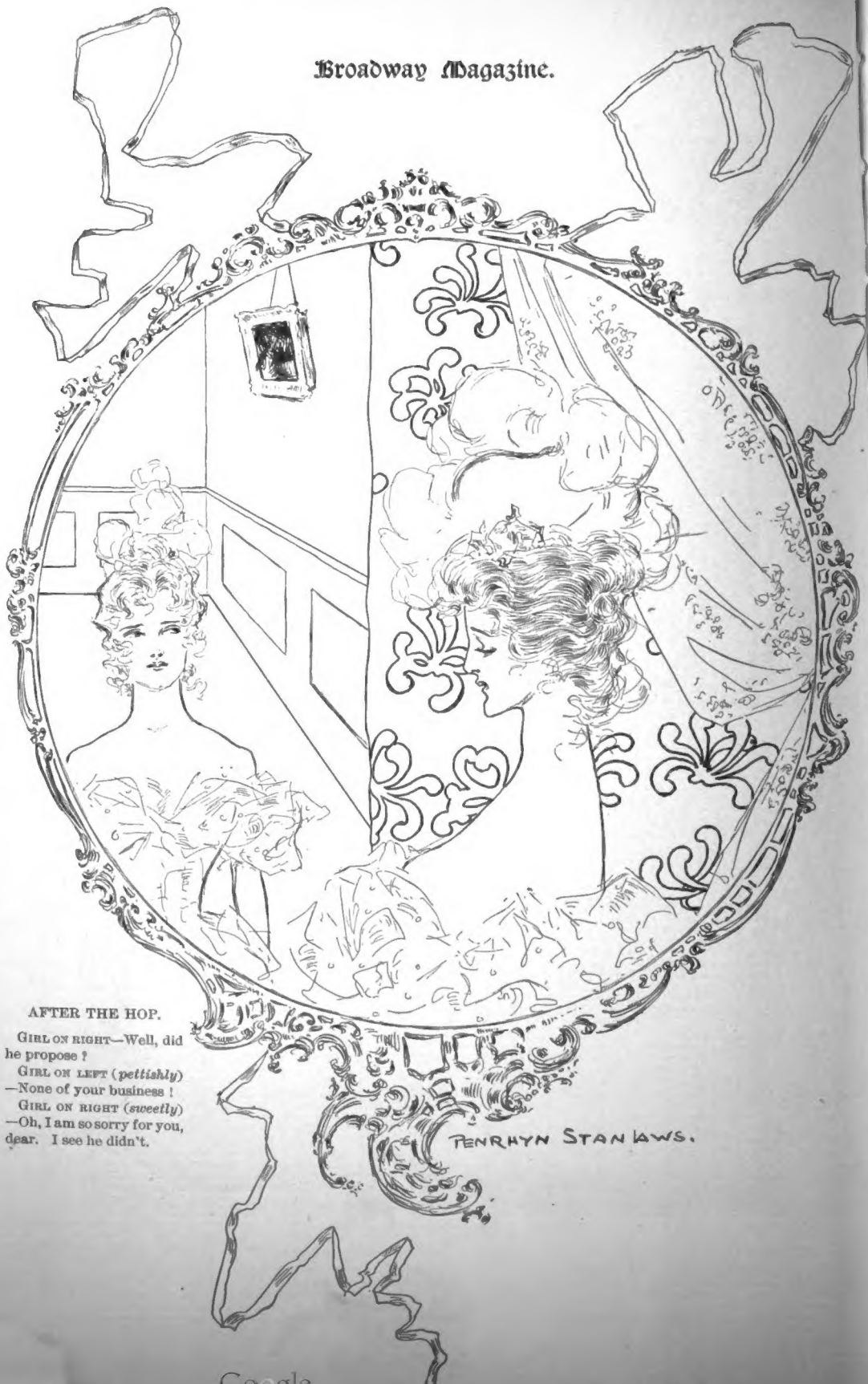

AFTER THE HOP.

GIRL ON RIGHT—Well, did he propose?

GIRL ON LEFT (*pettishly*)—None of your business!

GIRL ON RIGHT (*sweetly*)—Oh, I am so sorry for you, dear. I see he didn't.

Google

July.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S 'SIS HOPKINS CALENDAR

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

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A NEW PICTURE OF FANNIE WARD.
(See article "Fannie Ward Defies Her Critics.")

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FANNIE WARD DEFIES HER CRITICS.*

Illustrated with photographs by ALFRED ELLIS, London, and with flashlights of interiors taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, LONDON, May 20, 1899.
New York City.

IT IS NOW four years since I first came to London to engage in dramatic work, and I am free to confess that my impressions are so favorable I have decided to remain abroad for the remainder of my life. My youth was spent in Missouri, and I first went upon the stage under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman, appearing at the Lyceum Theatre; subsequently I was engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman, and, after leaving his company, I came to England and received an appointment from Sir Augustus Harris at the Drury Lane Theatre. I remained under his management until his death, and while, comparatively speaking, I was unknown and had no influential friends in England, the press was unanimous in the favorable reports, especially when I took the leading rôle in "A Night Out," and played for eighteen months at the Vaudeville Theatre. Owing to ill-health

Two pictures of Fannie Ward, showing her as she appeared in "A Night Out," at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.

several times I was obliged to withdraw from the engagement, but each time I was asked by the management to return.

The above direct expressions have been forced from me, owing to the unjust criticism that I have received for my work in the new play, "The Cuckoo," now running at the Avenue Theatre. I am pained to read the statements of the New York *World* and the *Telegraph* that they have compared me to Madame Bernhardt and to Madame Réjane. I could not but suffer by such a statement. No one knows better than I that I am not in any way comparable to these great *artistes*, and, true enough, my own countrymen do not have

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Ward was well-known as a pretty member of American burlesque and dramatic companies some years ago. She sued a son of Commodore Brown for breach of promise, and the picturesque Nina Farrington was mixed up in the not very savory affair. Then Miss Ward and her mother sailed for England. On the same steamer was Marcus Mayer, who, I am told, introduced Miss Ward to the late Augustus Harris. Miss Ward immediately became prominent in London theatricals. She has had her own carriages and town house for a long time. Spiteful ones have claimed that influence has brought her the good rôles and the fine equipages and houses at her disposal. The critics, especially the London representatives of New York papers, have also been very harsh with her. This, therefore, is a vindication direct from Miss Ward herself, who certainly ought to know.

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Three more pictures of Fannie Ward in "A Night Out."

to take the trouble to tell me so, and even should I develop the talent later on, one could scarcely expect at my age to be even placed in the same category. But, in self-defence, I feel that my previous rôles must have been well done, both at the Drury Lane and the Vaudeville Theatres, else I should not have had the honor of an offer from Mr. Hawtrey to take the leading part which I now occupy and expect to hold for another year. In four years I have played four plays, and have never been without an engagement. In the Drury Lane appointment, I took the part that Eleanor Calhoun played in "Cheer Boys, Cheer," and I feel certain that, had Sir Augustus Harris lived, I should still retain my position under his management. Previous to my present appearance in "The Cuckoo," I played last season in "Lord and Lady Algy"; although not a leading part, Mr. Hawtrey paid the same salary as I now receive in the principal rôle of "The Cuckoo."

And this also.

I have only myself to thank for my position, and this, too, notwithstanding the rumored reports that I have an interest in the Avenue Theatre during the run of "The Cuckoo." I take this opportunity, with the publisher's kind permission, to state decidedly that I have no interest whatever in the way of money other than my salary in

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the Avenue Theatre, nor have any of my friends, and I do not even know who are the backers of this play. Once and for all I repeat that never since I have been in England has influence obtained an engagement for me, or placed me in the position which I now occupy, other than by my own efforts. I am very grateful to the English public for the cordial receptions they have ever given me, and, in a great many respects, I prefer the English audiences to those of France. I have no intention of leaving the stage; I love my profession, and if I had a million pounds I should still continue in my determination to follow a dramatic life.

The drawing-room in Fannie Ward's fine London house.

The English press, with few exceptions, have been kinder to me than the correspondents of my own country, but I beg my countrymen to realize that I have never, in any way, studied, or been coached, for the stage; I have never had a lesson, nor have I profited by the opportunities afforded me by contact with foreign artists; whatever I have done has come from natural feelings and expressions, and I am sure that by past experiences and the promising opportunities which await me, that I shall realize my ambition. In conclusion, and again referring to "The Cuckoo," I was surprised that the dramatic critics in London, representing the New York papers, and referring to the "chaste successor of Clement Scott," could not have been more "righteous" in their expressions, and more truthful as well, in their feeble attempt to criticise "The Cuckoo" in the *London Daily Telegraph*. As regards the jewelry and "fine millinery"

Fannie Ward as she has been appearing in "The Cuckoo," at the Avenue Theatre, London.

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Fannie Ward's dining-room.

Fannie Ward's bedroom.

which I am supposed to have worn, and to which they have given great space, I can but say that the jewelry consisted of three rings, and that my costumes were from Jay and Paquin, and the millinery from Carlier, in Paris, and I will leave it to any *artiste* to answer the question whether they could have been better produced.

There is one thing to be remembered, there is no development in the dramatic art in America without the assistance and sympathy of foreign countries. Germany, England, Italy and France can do without us, but we cannot do without them. America is differently constituted; she may have her enterprise, her commerce, her drive and push, but she has no school for art in the real sense of the word, principally because she has not got time for it, and more especially because it would take as many centuries to even feel the influence of what one unconsciously obtains in these foreign countries. This is my honest opinion. Take for example the first appearances of Coquelin and Jane Hading in America some years ago. The American critics, I well remember, could not and did not know how to speak of these great persons. Critics should be taught the art of writing the same as the *artistes* are taught the art of acting. Instead of attempting to comment upon the finer qualities of the French taste in comparison to that of our own, they made a sort of advertising medium of these people, and talked about their favored hobbies and fads, instead of their talents. I shall never forget how the interviewers in Chicago besieged Madame Hading with all sorts of sensational episodes. In my opinion, dramatic critics should live and study their profession in foreign countries, and try to improve in their work, quite as much as the actors themselves.

Fannie Ward's dressing-room.

Fannie Ward

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little mixed just now. It's quite funny.

Gee, but I'm swell! I almost took lunch with "Fatty" Bates on Tuesday. But both of us couldn't find room at the same table.

I went in bathing yesterday. The water is just the same old Coney Island brand. I'm disappointed. I thought they sprinkled it with rose water every day.

My camera is a cute devil. Every time it sees something it just grins and says nothing. But it does swallow those swells by the dozen.

John Jacob Astor is long, isn't he? At first I took him for Dan Daly in spats

Tennis is horribly exciting. I was talking to Cholly Slimhead the other day when one of the Mush sisters made 4–11–44 love, and I got so excited that I almost spilled some tea on my yachting suit.

Honest, some of the people down here have feet so cold that they crack their shoes. I met the Blempton-Spaniel girls the other day. I asked them to come and take a cocktail. One of them said, as tart as you please, "Mommer doesn't approve of talking to strangers." "Perhaps Mommer doesn't," says I, "but Popper does. He spoke to me on the hotel piazza the other night, without an introduction, and wanted to know how I'd like to go out and see his yacht. Did you notice that he carried his wrist in a sling? I did it!" Sa-ay, those girls looked as if they wanted to have me arrested. I love to be polite to my dear friends, the Blempton-Spaniels.

The Vanderbilts are to give a swell ball next week. Perhaps I shall not go.

Golf stockings and scandal are favorite topics of conversation here. I saw a pair of stockings on the Gunnington-Slasherton family links the other day. They should have been suppressed by the fire department. As it was, they made an automobile run away and gave sunstroke to a fancy Brahma rooster in the next county.

I haven't seen "Jim" Corbett or "Chuck" Connors or "Marty" McGuff down here yet. I believe they're not expected for some time to come.

I went out cycling on Bellevue Avenue in my bathing-suit yesterday. Alice Floppe, whose father owns a soap factory in Chicago, and who is one of Newport's best little flirts, scolded me right before my

SA-AY, I'm the real thing. So's my camera.

I've done everything but dine with the Vanderbilts and Belmonts. You see, I'm a great friend of both families and I don't want to queer myself. They're a

C. S. Bates, of Westchester, standing. Mrs. J. E. Widener and Lawrence Waterbury, sitting.

Mrs. J. A. Drexel is the left-hand figure

Ray Miller, Sidney Smith, and O. H. P. Belmont, from left to right.

The two Townsend Burden boys.

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The Red Soubrette at Newport.

1. Mrs. J. J. Astor. 2. On the Casino grounds. 3. I dunno. 4. J. J. Astor and a few others. 5. E. D. Morgan in helmet; Thos. E. Hitchcock with back turned. 6. Mrs. Sidney Smith, née Taller, left-hand figure.

dear friends the Ollwashes. She said it was rude to wear a bathing-suit in the streets. I slapped her right shoulder and she screamed so loud that my tire busted. I hate prudes!

Mr. and Mrs. Wholleget, whose marriage was so well attended by the smart set last year, are anxiously awaiting an addition to their midst. Their last butler was a holy terror.

There's a lot of scandal down here. Would you believe it, the Flindershank's *chef*

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1. Crowd looking at tennis game. 2. Miss Alice Blight, larger figure. 3. J. J. Van Alen; Miss Van Alen in centre. 4. Charles Williams and a few more. 5. Looking at a polo practice. 6. Sidney Dillon Ripley on "Mollie."

eloped with the third assistant dishwasher. It has caused a great stir, as society does not approve of marriage beneath one's station.

Newport is a great place, but it's not in the same game with Bath Beach or Pleasure Bay. I'll pack up my twelve trunks and you'll see me in the office pretty soon, ready for any old thing.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

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MADGE KNICKERBOCKER'S SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

BY CHARLES EDWARD BARRETT.

MADGE, the irresistible and ever-adored.
MAMMA, the ambitious and ever-watchful.
PAPA, the check-book and family growler.
MIMI, the French maid.
CUPID, PICOTEE, quite invisible.

SCENE—*The sitting-room of the haut ton Belles of Gotham. The lovely creature sleeps on a sofa in a cloud of odor-scented silk and lace. Enter, hovering over her couch, Cupid and company of Elves from the several Summer Resorts, in toggery typical of the merriment to ensue, etc.*

CHORUS OF ELVES.

Awake, awake! The Summer Queen
Resumes her throne once more,
She seeks the loveliest maidens now
To swell her Coaching Corps.
From morn till night one roundelay
Of jollity and pleasure;
Up, Maid of Gotham! Wake and make
A fine art of sweet leisure.

MADGE (*sitting, in lotus-petal ewhite*)—Mercy, what time is it?

MIMI—Half past two, P. M., Mademoiselle, and summer nearly over.

MADGE—Is it possible! Call Mamma, we'll hold a consultation. (*Mimi disappears*)

MAMMA (*entering*)—Is the darling of my heart awake yet?

MADGE—Awake, and ugly. Mimi just tells me that it is the eve of Summer. Is she telling me a dainty French fib, coochie, or is it indeed true?

MAMMA (*despairingly*)—Alas, my child, it is too true!

MADGE—And not even one little French count to the good? Bless me, I must get up and hustle!

MAMMA—Hustle? My child, that's just what's the matter. It is a case of too much hustle. No one has known where to place a hand on you more than three minutes at a time for four months. A hundred suitors at your heels, and they never catch up with you. You have broken all records, including your father. Mimi, what's my daughter's record for the season?

MIMI (*consulting ledger*)—Receptions, 396; Operas, 149; Theatre parties, 211; Flirtation-teas, 432; Lenten-lectures, fad-klatsches, art receptions, slumming-séances, etc., 448.

MAMMA—There, there! That will do. Now, dear, what's the gain?

MADGE—The gain? Well, I certainly have the finest collection of *fiancés* in all Gotham——

MAMMA (*with scorn*)—*Fiancés*, indeed! Poets, artists, musicians, fake-palmists, hand-holders, Browningites, professional feeders and parlor-poseurs, and all poor as a defeated political candidate the morning after election. Why, there's not one measly marquisate or a paltry million in the hull bunch!

MADGE (*proudly*)—But, all the same, I broke the record in my set.

MAMMA—Leave record-breaking to pugilists, bloomered century-fiends and pie-eaters, dear. Here it costs your poor popper a thousand a week to make a *haut-ton* belle of you, and not a tuppenny Dutch baron to the good.

Oh, the troublous social sea—it is a wonder,
It can swallow up a fortune every day;
And full many are the barques that rend asunder
In the struggle to be gayest 'mong the gay.

PAPA (*entering like a Kansas cyclone, flourishing documents*)—It costs to be a wee bit gay, does it? Well now! If you have any doubts on that score, my dears, look over this latest installment of bills. I can't afford even to sleep any more. I am going to resign from my clubs, sell my yachts, auction off my racing stables and go to the North Pole for two years to get my temperature down and recuperate my depleted exchequer, or heaven help us!

Hark! You hear the wicked rustling of the bills?
Modiste bills!
Florist bills?
Milliner bills!
Caterer bills!
Every other kind of bills
That give suff'ring mortal chills—
What a lot of stomachs, chests and trunks their flummidoodle fills
See! they fly in at the window when you least expect them to,
Through the doors all night and morning.
Without mercy, without warning—
Snow you under like an avalanche, and all marked "Over-due!"
Oh, the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills!
D——n the hustle and bustle of the bills!

MAMMA—That will do, John. You pay us a very poor compliment——

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The Real Mermaids that inhabit our seashore resorts.

From photographs of two New York girls, taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

PAPA—Huh! I won't be able to pay even compliments if we keep up this pace much longer. Come; let's shut up shop for the summer. What say you?

MAMMA—Just the thing! I've picked out a lovely "cottage" at Newport. We can have it dirt cheap—a thousand dollars a minute.

PAPA (*cynically*)—Easy! All the expensive ones gone?

MAMMA—You know, dear, we must have a suitable place in which to entertain Lord Orsenorse when he comes to be our guest in August. You know, popper dear, his lordship is a prospective—ahem! you know. (*Winks to Madge.*)

MADGE (*blushfully*)—Oh, mommer! The suspense will kill me.

PAPA—Unless the expense kills me first.

MAMMA—But Madge must make her grand social coup de grâce this summer.

PAPA—Koop de grass, eh? Well, if this keeps up much longer, you'll be a koop-de-grass widow, that's what!

MADGE—But at any rate, if I can't be a Countess, there is one thing I can be.

PAPA (*tremblingly*)—Speak it soft and low.

MADGE—I can be a girl-bachelor.

PAPA (*stroking his whiskers*)—'Um—er—is it cheap?

MADGE—Well, considering that it is next to owning a real live lord, yes, it is.

PAPA (*interestedly*)—Whisper gently some of the requirements. Go slow and have respect for my weak heart-action.

MADGE—Well, a couple of hundred thousand——

PAPA (*tremblingly*)—A couple of hundred thousand—what?

MADGE—Dollars.

PAPA (*despairingly*)—Then trot out your lord, and let him save the house from the stigma of girl-bachelor reform. Trot him out! Why were you not born a boy, Madge, dear?

MADGE—And why a boy, pray?

PAPA—Why, then you would have been "That Popular Man about Town," "The Worst Rake in Christendom," and all that sort of thing; and I could have risen in my righteous rage and cut you off with a hundred thousand a year and made you hustle for a living, just as your pa did. But no! The Fates chose to afflict me with a modern, up-to-date daughter who has but two expedients before her: to either marry a foreign nobleman, or turn girl-bachelor.

MADGE—But of two evils did I not choose the lesser?

PAPA—Yes, and thanks even for that. Leave such luxuries as girl-bachelorhood to the daughters of the rich. With my paltry twelve hundred thousand a year I cannot afford such extravagances. Mimi, is my *frappé* champagne-plunge ready? Good. I must get my nerves down or this place will be the death of me. (*He moves wearily away, while mother and daughter fall upon each other's neck, weeping in mild hysteria of joy.*)

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THE SUMMER FISHER GIRL.

When a girl throws her line for a fish,
She doesn't think much of posish;
She throws it right out
For a salmon or trout,
And if she don't catch one, says "Pish!"

But when she is out for a man,
She poses and flirts with a fan;
He leaps from his brook
And he falls on her hook,
And she grabs him as quick as she can!

E. D. C.

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The MYSTERY of the BROMO-SELTZER BOTTLE

BY CHARLES C. THORN.

WHEN Harry Cornish, the athletic director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, walked into the club on Saturday, last Christmas Eve, a bundle of mail was handed to him as usual. In this particular bundle was a small package, about the size of a two-pound candy box, addressed to him in an unfamiliar handwriting, which, when opened, was found to contain a bottle of bromo-seltzer and a silver holder for the same. He kept the wrapper.

Mr. Cornish boarded with a Mrs. Kate J. Adams, who lived with her daughter, a Mrs. Florence Rogers, at 61 West 86th Street, New York city. When he went home he spoke of the bromo-seltzer, and Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Rogers told him to bring it home, which he did the following Tuesday.

Wednesday morning, December 28th, Mrs. Adams complained of a headache on waking. Her daughter informed Mr. Cornish and he immediately thought of the bromo-seltzer bottle, which he had not, up to that time, opened. He mixed a dose for Mrs. Adams, who drank it and became unconscious. Dr. Hitchcock, who lived in the neighborhood, was swiftly summoned, but Mrs. Adams died in a very few minutes.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. McCLUSKY,
Head of the Detective Bureau of Greater New York. He selected Detectives Carey and McCafferty to work on the Molineux case and gave it his personal attention. He is one of America's great detectives.

Investigation proved the presence in the bromo-seltzer of cyanide of mercury, a deadly poison. The inference was clear that an attempt had been made by somebody to poison Mr. Cornish and that the attempt had accidentally miscarried and caused the death of Mrs. Adams.

Who was that person?

The police seemed unable to find out. Finally, in about six or seven days, it became known that Cornish had a bitter enemy in the person of Roland Burnham Molineux, of Brooklyn, a former member of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and one who had resigned therefrom as a result of quarrels with the athletic director. Cornish's course had been upheld by the club committee and Mr. Molineux made no effort to disguise his chagrin when he sent in his resignation. Mr. Molineux, who is the son of General Molineux, a man of high position in the community, had been married just one month before the murder to a Miss Blanche Chesebrough.

Not only was it strongly hinted that he sent the poison to Cornish, but many went so far as to connect him with the sending of poison to H. C. Barnet,

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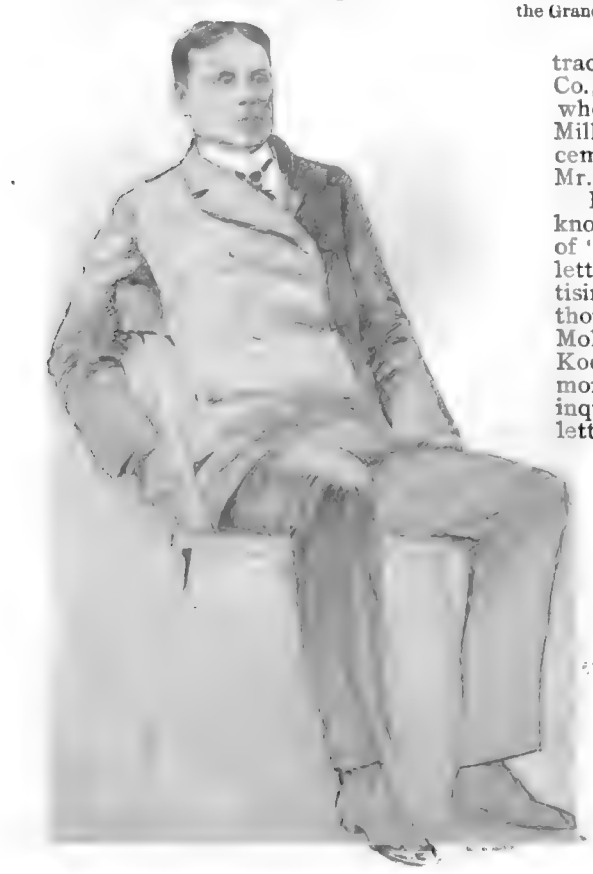
another member of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, who had died the previous November under rather peculiar circumstances, especially as Barnet had known Miss Chesebrough and it was supposed Molineux was jealous of him. An additional circumstance involving Molineux was the fact that he was the superintendent of the dry-color factory of Morris Herrmann & Company, in Newark—a calling that necessitates a familiarity with chemicals and a handling of poisons.

The bottle-holder sent to Cornish with the poisoned bromo-seltzer was at length traced to the store of C. Hartdegan & Co., 683 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., whose woman clerk, Miss Emma Miller, remembered selling it on December 21st, but would not identify Mr. Molineux as her customer.

DETECTIVE J. McCAFFERTY. DETECTIVE C. A. A. CAREY.

Two of New York's cleverest detectives. They arrested Molineux at the conclusion of the inquest and re-arrested him when the Grand Jury dismissed the indictment.



ROLAND BURNHAM MOLINEUX,
Accused of the murder of Mrs. Kate J. Adams.
From a sketch made in court for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by E. W. Dean.

Finally, on January 24th, it became known that a person giving the name of "H. Cornish" had rented a private letter-box of the Commercial Advertising Company at 1620 Broadway, though neither Mr. Cornish nor Mr. Molineux was identified by Manager Koch as the renter of the box. Still more important for the police line of inquiry was the discovery that another letter-box had been rented of N. A. Heckmann, at 257 West 42d Street, since the preceding May, by "H. C. Barnet," the importance of this being that Mr. Heckmann identified R. B. Molineux as the man who rented the box under the name of H. C. Barnet, though he refused to identify Molineux on two occasions before he finally decided to do so.

The police had been able to secure but few specimens of Molineux's handwriting, but those they did get were passed over to William J. Kinsley, a professional handwriting expert, and he was requested to compare them with the handwriting on the wrapper enclosing the bromo-seltzer and bottle holder. This wrapper, it will be remembered, Mr. Cornish

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WM. F. MAHER. JOHN H. PALMER.

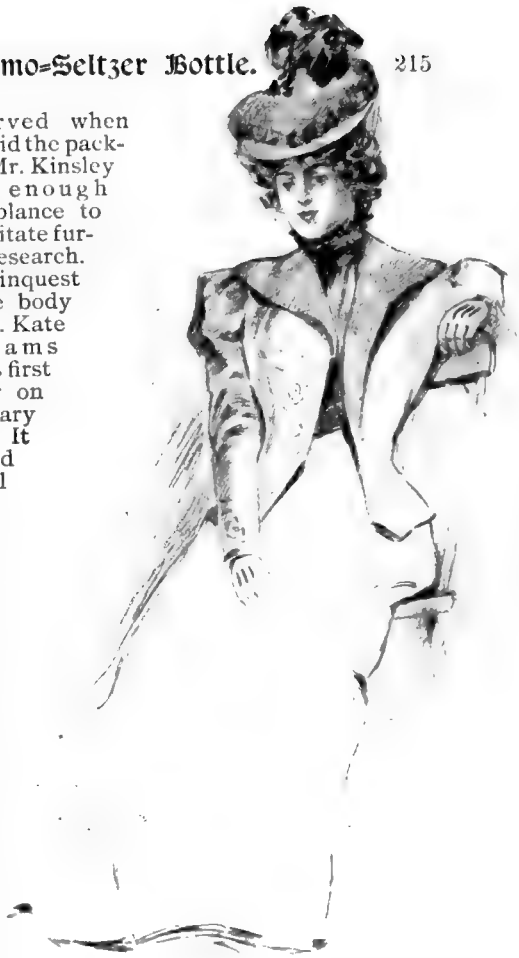
The two policemen who were first called in after the death of Mrs. Adams, and whose testimony was of much importance.

preserved when he undid the package. Mr. Kinsley found enough resemblance to necessitate further research.

The inquest on the body of Mrs. Kate J. Adams had its first sitting on February 10th. It lasted until February 27th. The chief result of it was the arrest of Roland B Molineux as a consequence of the evidence of Cornish, Heckmann, and his own handwriting. The prosecution was represented by Assistant District Attorney James W. Osborne. Mr. Osborne, by his deferential manner when questioning Molineux, lulled him into a false feeling of security, and thus persuaded him to give several specimens of his caligraphy, which were passed, during the course of the inquest, to experts Albert L. Osborn, of Rochester, Daniel T. Ames, of Elizabeth, William J. Kinsley, of New York, and others, all of whom testified that in their opinion the person who wrote these specimens was the same person who wrote the address on the poison package sent to Cornish.

This cumulative expert evidence, added to Cornish's energetic statement that he suspected Molineux, and Heckmann's identification, so told against Molineux that the jury's verdict concluded as follows:

"We find that the said Katherine J. Adams came to her death on the 28th day of December, 1893, at 61 West 86th Street, by poisoning by mercuric cyanide administered by Harry S. Cornish, to whom said poison had been sent in a bottle of bromo-seltzer in the mail by Roland B. Molineux."



MRS. MOLINEUX, *NÉE* BLANCHE CHESEBROUGH.
Wife of the accused man.
From a sketch made in court for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by E. W. Dean.

DANIEL T. AMES, of Elizabeth, N. J. ALBERT S. OSBORN, of Rochester, N. Y. W. M. J. KINSLEY, of New York City.

Three of the handwriting experts for the prosecution. They maintained that Molineux wrote the address on the wrapper containing the package which held the poisoned bromo-seltzer.

Detectives Carey and McCafferty immediately jumped from their seats, received from the Coroner a warrant made out beforehand, and placed their hands on Molineux's shoulder. After the necessary formalities

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JAMES W. OSBORNE,
Assistant District Attorney. He conducted the case against Molineux, securing from the coroner's jury a finding against him for murder.

WILLIAM F. HOWE,
Of the firm of Howe & Hummel. Said to have been watching the case on behalf of the New York "Journal," which was threatened with libel proceedings by Gen. Molineux.

BARTOW S. WEEKS.
Counsel for Molineux. He has been very diligent on behalf of his client, taking advantage of every circumstance which might forward his interests.

MAURICE B. BLUMENTHAL.
Assistant District Attorney. He had charge of the case against Molineux in collaboration with Osborne at the beginning of the case, and was very energetic in his work therein.

DAVID N. CARVALHO,
Expert in handwriting for the defence. He gave as his opinion that the handwriting on the wrapper containing the poison was *not* that of Molineux.

he was taken to the Tombs.

Within the story of the attempted murder of Mr. Cornish, and connected with it, though independent in itself, is the account of Mrs. Molineux's relations with the late H. C. Barnet. It appears, according to the summing-up speech made by Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, the District Attorney, that Miss Chesebrough and Barnet had been old friends, and that Molineux met her through Barnet's introduction while on a pleasure cruise on a yacht, and that Mrs. Grundy in no way presided. Furthermore, that Barnet and Miss Chesebrough continued their friendship in spite of Molineux's attachment to the woman, and that the latter fact excited Molineux's jealousy

DR. E. F. HITCHCOCK,
The first physician called in when the effect of the poison was seen on Mrs. Adams.

DR. ALBERT T. WESTON,
The coroner's physician, who assisted at the post-mortem examination of Mrs. Adams.

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sufficiently to cause him to desire the death of Barnet. Finally, Col. Gardiner arraigned Molineux scathingly as a degenerate.

Molineux remained in the Tombs until May 9th, when the Grand Jury dismissed the indictment against him. He was released, but was immediately rearrested on the same charge differently worded. Up to the time of writing, the date of his trial has not been settled upon; nor, in fact, has it been decided by the Grand Jury that he shall be tried at all. This means that he is still an innocent man in the eyes of the law.

AN IDYLL OF THE SUMMER SEA.

OH, pretty little Emily
A-swimming went one day;
Her graceful form made such a stir,
The fishes fell in love with her,
And said: "Don't go away!"

So kind was pretty Emily,
She could not say them nay;
And so she stayed beneath the wave,
And taught the fishes to behave,
And drove them all the day.

They've made fair Emily their queen,
And say she's just all right;
And should you want to hear of Em,
I guess you'll have to go to them,
For *she* is out of sight!

P. P.

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THE LATEST PICTURE OF MAJ.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES,

In command of the Army of the United States.

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MEN AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY LIONEL STAGGE.

THE latest controversy in which General Nelson A. Miles has figured does not prove conclusively that he is right first, last and all the time. There is absolutely no doubt of the fact that General Miles has all along had the sympathy of the public in his controversy with the War Department. It is equally true that General Miles is a poseur of the most spectacular stripe. He is unquestionably the handsomest officer in the United States Army. He is always impeccably dressed, and there is a picture-bookishness about him that thrills the hearts of female admirers of brass buttons and epaulettes. On the other hand, General Miles has done too much good, fair fighting not to have my most ardent admiration. At any rate he has the satisfaction of knowing that the people are with him, so that he can stand a little candid talk now and then.

From a photograph copyrighted, 1899, by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,
Commander of the American Army.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS is all right so long as he sticks to his pen. I will make an addendum by stating that he is likewise all right when he is serving his newspaper at the front, but he is, nevertheless, a very tiresome gentleman in his capacity as a private citizen. It is almost inconceivable how a man of Davis' undoubted ability and brains can do so many asinine things right off the reel, as if he were past-master in the gentle art of being idiotic. His recent marriage, I hope, will settle him down. His wife is a pretty sensible and ambitious little woman, and I believe that she will take him in hand, put

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
One of the cleverest and most unpopular newspaper men in America.

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him into shape and make him discard some of those mannerisms which have made him one of the most disliked newspaper men in this or any other country.

THE return of Alice Blight, the handsome young Californian millionairess, to the shaded drives and sunny sands of Newport once more brings up the rumor that she is to become the wife of an attaché of the English legation in this country. I do not believe this rumor, notwithstanding its positive reiteration some time ago in the society columns of a big New York daily. Miss Blight is one of the most stunning girls to be found at Newport, and there is no one more popular of the younger unmarried set amongst those male butterflies of fashion who flit about with enthusiasm and so persistently during the season. Miss Blight is able to take care of herself, which is amply proven by the fact that, only two summers ago, she sat plumply and firmly on a young married man of the Newport set, who endeavored to force upon her attentions which she considered a trifle too torrid under the circumstances. The positive snub she gave him was the principal topic of conversation at the Casino for some time. I sincerely hope, by the way, that Miss Blight will make a selection among American eligibles. She is altogether too pretty a specimen of womanhood to be lost in the maelstrom of the foreign diplomatic service.

From a miniature of Amalia Küsner.

MISS ALICE BLIGHT,

A beautiful Californian millionairess and one of the notable beauties of the season at Newport.

CARTER HARRISON, Mayor of Chicago, And one of the Presidential possibilities for 1900.

MAYOR CARTER HARRISON, of Chicago, has managed, without very much obvious effort, to make his anti-election traducers look like considerably less than thirty cents. He is a pretty independent sort of a politician, who runs his own affairs in his own way, but in doing so he has not allowed Chicago to be burned to the ground or to be the scene of any of the other horrible things

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MAJ.-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS,
Chief in Command of the United States forces at the Philippines.

BRIG.-GENERAL HARRISON GRAY OTIS,
A Californian newspaper man who has distinguished himself at the Philippines.

which were fondly looked for by those who voted for the other men. Mayor Harrison's recent manifesto, in which he threw down the gauntlet to the corporations, was warmly commended by Chicagoites of every stripe of political opinion; thus it is that white may turn into black over night.

THE two Otises, Maj.-General Elwell S. Otis and Brig.-General Harrison Gray Otis (no relation of the *Dramatic Mirror*), have certainly brought fame to their family during their successful little set-to with the half-breed savage, Aguinaldo. I have just heard an interesting piece of news about Brig.-General Otis, who is a newspaper man of many years' experience and the proprietor of a daily paper in Los Angeles. The Associated Press, while endeavoring to strengthen its service at the Philippines, cabled an offer to Otis who is an A. P. official. The answer, characteristic of the man, came back sharp and quick: "Will gladly accept if you will let me know how I can serve my country and the A. P. at the same time." That closed the whole affair.

EDWIN KNOWLES,
Manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York City.

MANAGER EDWIN KNOWLES, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, one of the shrewdest purveyors of theatricals in this country, has come to the conclusion that it is far better to book a few good solid attractions at a house like the Fifth Avenue than to fill every week in the year with mediocre plays and companies. He tells me that his last season has been the best he has known in years.

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Gin Fizzes and Things.

ETHEL BARRYMORE ALL IN WHITE—I note that Ethel Barrymore was one of the tall white figures in the pictures of Richard Harding Davis' wedding party which were reproduced in the Boston *Journal*. Miss Barrymore was the maid of honor at the Marion wedding, and in the photograph stood beside the newly-made Mrs. Davis. There was once a rumor, by the way, that Miss Barrymore herself might become the wife of the writer. This rumor was based entirely upon the fact that when Davis was in London two years ago he showed some few attentions to John Drew's pretty niece, but there was never anything serious in that direction.

THE MAYER GIRLS FOR PARIS.—Hy. Mayer, who draws girls that are worth looking at, has forsaken his studio in the *Life* building, on West Thirty-first Street, and hied him off to Europe. His work will be done principally in Paris, where his fervent and strikingly vivid type of pen-and-ink femininity is so well appreciated. A book of Mayer's girls, by the way, will soon be published by Meyer Bros. & Co. (note the "e"), and should meet with a good sale amongst those who know the difference between an express wagon and a T-cart.

WHY DON'T THEY PAY UP?—What's coming over some of our theatrical folk? Have they made up their minds nevermore to pay any bills and to go through life owing everybody for everything? This occurred to me when I heard some actors discussing Max Freeman's proceedings in bankruptcy some time ago. Not that the sweet-tempered and woman-honoring Max Freeman could surprise me by doing anything. It happened, however, to be the sixth case of the same kind inside of ten days. There are some men in the theatrical business who try to pay one hundred cents on the dollar, just as if they were butchers or candlestick-makers, but, as against these, there are hundreds of shifty irresponsibles who seem to think that the mere fact of their being in theatricals exempts them from recognition of all bonds of decency or ordinary financial honor. This may not sound nice to Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Henry E. Dixey, Ira La Motte and others who have had a few dealings with the bankruptcy court, but that's not my fault.

WALTER JONES SHOULD BE KIND.—If Walter Jones, now playing in "The Man in the Moon" company, really decides to become a Benedict in the fall, as is now rumored, there will be many a poor young broken heart. I think as a humane act that Jones should bribe the Associated Press not to send out the news of his marriage, as it is bound to create an epidemic of heart disease throughout the country. The young comedian, who is just a little bit better looking off the stage than he is on, has, though still one of the youngest of our prominent American actors, for years been an accepted matinée favorite. He first began to attract the eyes of the impressionable young women when he was in "1492," and since then has gone along consistently, strewing his path with the sighs and tears of his girl-admirers. How many affairs of the heart Walter has had I do not know, and, as it is none of my business, let's drop that. However, Walter Jones is a pretty manly, virile sort of actor, and I really think he is entitled to all the hearts he can hang at his belt.

HARRY APPLETON DISCUSSES "DAVID HARUM."—One of the daily frequenters just now at the Players' Club, in Gramercy Park, is Harry Appleton, of D. Appleton & Co., the book publishers. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, exceedingly genial man with an effervescent smile, and courteous of manner. His cousin is Colonel Dan Appleton, of the Seventh Regiment. Harry has been a member of the Players' for a number of years, as is also his father. I met him there at lunch the other day. He isn't very voluble, and, as a rule, only talks when he has something to say. Therefore I listened when he remarked that "David Harum," a book by a New York banker, is one of the big sellers of the year. "David Harum," said Appleton, between sips of black coffee, "has surprised the whole publishing business. It was the author's first book, and it started out rather slowly. Even our own house, which is always ready to back its faith in its own productions, began to waver in its judgment. Then the orders began to increase a little, and finally reached remarkable figures. Our sales just before the hot weather set in averaged 1,500 copies a day. The book is more than holding its own. It seems a shame that the author could not have lived to have enjoyed the reward of his labors."

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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BUFFALO BILL AND THE ROUGH RIDERS.

BY COLONEL CODY.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT evidently did not know at the beginning of the war with Spain that the name "The Rough Riders," which was given to his regiment, the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, was invented by me. He never gave the name himself to the regiment – in fact, he has said in a magazine article contributed some time after the war, that the name was given by the public, but it was evident that he was not familiar with the original source whence the term came.

However, pictures of the Rough Riders are familiar enough to New Yorkers, and in connection with the Buffalo Bill show, although the way Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders behaved under him at Las Guasimas has, of course, immortalized the name.

GEN. SHERIDAN. BUFFALO BILL. GEN. CUSTER.

The original Rough Riders of the '60s.

I want now to describe briefly the cause of the expression coming into existence at all and becoming so important.

Everybody familiar with frontier life, or life on new lands, knows of course that the principal means of locomotion are equestrian. When people want to go any distance at all they go on the horse, and as it is very apparent that the country in new settlements is what is called difficult, it follows that there is no little hazardous riding indulged in by those who travel from one end to the other of the settlement.

Buffalo Bill and his Rough Riders of the plains.

More than this, there is riding in connection with danger from a foe seen or unseen. A man may have an enemy lurking for him in the grass. Or there may be Indians—always, generally speaking, the foe of the white man, and he must have a horse as alert as himself to escape sudden attack, and as swift as the wind to escape open pursuit. Rapid riding, therefore, under such circumstances, is no riding-school matter, and it is essentially and literally "rough."

When I established my show of "The Wild West," rough and trick riding were naturally features to be brought in, and the display made by some of the riders I had engaged was so marked and so successful that I decided to enlarge that feat-

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ure of the programme. As Colonel Roosevelt has remarked in the magazine article to which I have reference, "It is precisely these men that made up the bulk of our regiment and gave it its peculiar character." It is understood, of course, that up to this time the Rough Riders had all been American, but, as I have said, they made such an impression on the public that other Rough Riders were introduced, and now we have Cossack, Arabian, Mexican, South American, and, in fact, every free and fearless rider from any nationality that can supply them under the sun.

A man to be a real Rough Rider must also be able to fight on horseback as readily and as dangerously (dangerously to the other fellow, I mean) as he does on *terra firma*. He must be able to shoot with a musket, and hit the mark, because if he doesn't, he's more than likely to get hit himself, and that would be awkward for him.

All the Rough Riders in my show know how to fight and how to shoot straight—indeed, you have seen them do the latter. To shoot straight is part of the elementary education of the Western Rough Rider. He learns it as a child. It grows on him.

There has always been something soul-stirring about the dash of the seemingly reckless Rough Riders in the eyes of the public sitting in their seats at the show, and it is a realization of this interesting fact that impels the riders—civilized, semi-civilized, uncivilized and all—to do their best. They understand pretty clearly the effect they are creating, because it is something they have understood from youth up.

W. F. Cody.

Buffalo Bill as he looks to-day.

SNAPPY SUMMER PERSONALS.

Will the gentleman I met in the waves last year at Long Branch, and who taught me to swim, meet me there again this year and teach me to swim some more? Tottie, Box 919.

Dark lady with passionate bathing dress would like to correspond with single gentleman of late habits. Object, summer engagement. Uno, Narrangansett.

Wife. Return home or else I shall be busted. Am losing every night at the poker game while you're away at the seashore. Bob, 'Steenth Street, New York City.

George. Come and join me at this summer resort here. Great place. Fine view of the Hudson. Large number of attendants. Shall stay here quite a while — simply can't get away. Jim, Sing Sing.

If the gent wid whiskers wot sat in de lap er de young loidy wot's engaged to me in de car goin' from Park Row over de Bridge ter Coney Island de udder day an' took advantage uv de crush in de car to talk familiar to her cos she says she feels insulted erbout it, see, will jist drop me a line tellin' me his address, I'll guarantee to drop in on him de next night an' soak him in de place where de dentist put gold. De only bloke wot talks familiar to dat goil is me, see? Tuff Toby, Bowery, City.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

The Broadway serene is easily the Queen
Of all American Magazines.
It's brilliant,
It's witty, its half tones are pretty.
It's auspicious,
Judicious,
Perspicuous,
Delicious.

Every month in the year, it's sure to appear
In every city both far and near.
The price is right,
The pictures bright,
In fact, it is a ray of light;
Both boys and girls say "It's out of sight."
So don't delay—no, not a day—
But purchase a copy of the Broadway
to-day.

Carlyle Walthers.

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MILLIE LEGARDE, VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND,
(Playing in "On and Off")
is her address. She will probably come to America in the Fall in one of Charles Frohman's productions.

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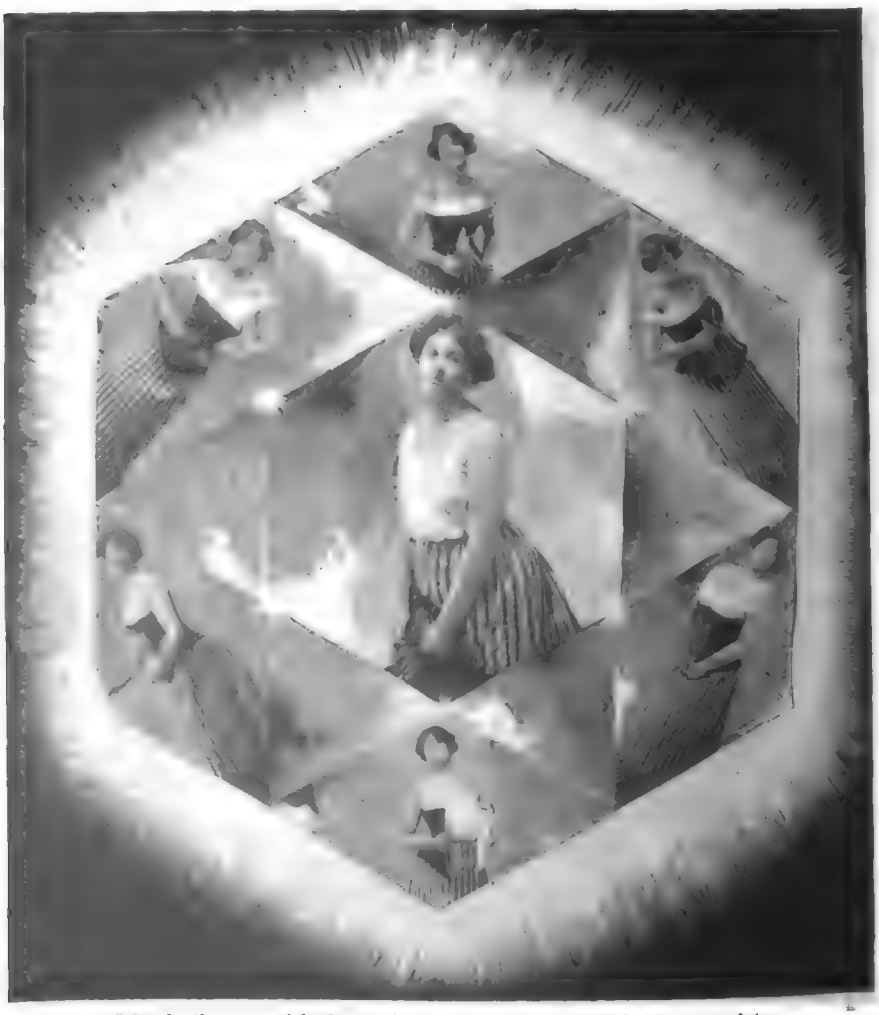
THE MYSTERIOUS MODEL AND THE KOHINOOR.

Illustrated with photographs taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by R. L. CURRAN.

AND here she is again. We call her the mysterious model, because we have received hundreds of requests for information regarding her personality since we first published her picture, and still her identity remains a secret. The Kohinoor is mentioned simply because the artist insisted on placing Miss Mystery in a scintillating frame. As a matter of fact, corsets are the subject of this pictorial array, and the model is showing the trouble some women have with corsets that are too tight. It's a subject that will especially interest our thousands of women readers throughout the country. Incidentally, it will make men intensely glad that they are not obliged to struggle thusly every morning before they go to business.



Taken by the new serial scheme of exposing a number of subjects on one plate.

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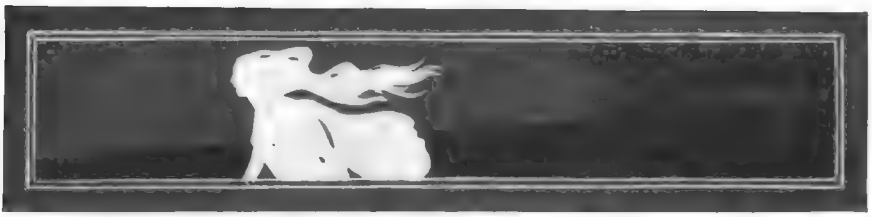

THE PURSUIT OF VIRTUE.*

BY GORDON PALMER.

With two illustrations by F. W. BAILEY.

A CONTINUED "TALE OF BROADWAY."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Marie Clarkson, the heroine of the story, a pretty little shop-girl, is admired by Charlie Fairbanks, a dissipated but chivalrous young New Yorker. He takes her one evening to a restaurant on Broadway where they see Helen Besley, an old flame of Fairbanks and now a woman about town, sitting at the same table with Smalley, a wealthy boor. Helen, goaded by Fairbanks' obvious regard for the innocent Marie, comes up and insults her so that she faints and has to be taken to her boarding-house in a cab. Her landlady, Mrs. Ball, a vulgar and cruel woman, tells Marie she must leave the house in a week's time. In the meantime, Helen Besley, who has made an attempt to attract Fairbanks to her side once more and has failed, decides to vent her spite upon Marie. She goes to the store where the latter is employed, and suddenly accuses her of trying to steal her pocket-book. The floorwalker, J. Montgomery Robinson, whose bold advances have been several times repulsed by Marie, willingly corroborates the lying accusation, and the unfortunate shop-girl is haled off to the Nineteenth Precinct police station.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was 8:30 A. M. in the Jefferson Market Police Court on Sixth Avenue. The atmosphere was fetid and almost suffocating. Disease bacteria seemed to be reveling in the air, as it was breathed in and pumped out by one hundred pairs of lungs belonging to as miserable a collection of humanity as was ever gathered in one room. Of course, there were officials with brass buttons and a gray-whiskered Judge on the bench, but they too, unfortunately for themselves, were obliged to breathe the same air. Filling the benches outside the railing was a hybrid crowd of loafers who filled out a few miserable hours of their existence by listening to the woes of others, together with a few friends of the prisoners who were standing in file before the bar. The judge this morning was Justice O'Callahan, whose knowledge of the finer points of jurisprudence did not by any means equal his good, hard, common sense. In decisions he generally let Blackstone go hang, but in doing so managed to show an amount of erudite learning regarding human nature and a sturdy honest heart that won for him the sobriquet of "the Good Little Judge."

After a number of the ordinary "drunks and disorderlies" had been disposed of, there was a stir in the inner room, and there walked from out the door the stalwart form of a policeman, leading gently by the arm the shrinking form of Marie Clarkson. Her head was bowed and there were dark rings under her eyes. She was supported on the other side by the matron of the Nineteenth Precinct Station who, notwithstanding her contact with the worst phases of metropolitan life, still managed to feel for the misfortunes of others; in fact, Marie found when she had reached the station the night before, that the police of New York were not quite so hard-hearted as she had been led to believe. Her gentleness, and utter prostration on the charge of attempted pilfering, had won the sympathies of the sergeant at the desk, who, used as he was to every type of criminal, believed, after looking into that sweet, troubled face, that there had been a mistake. However, he had duties to perform. He asked her at once if there was any bondsman to whom she could send. She thought at first, of course, of Fairbanks, but the Besley woman's remarks in the Broadway restaurant made her chary in that direction. Then she thought of the folks at home, and as she did so she felt that even death under an unknown name would be preferable to such disgrace. And so she simply shook her head, said that she was innocent, and that she knew she would be freed before the Judge. The sergeant called the matron and turned Marie over to her

* This story began in the May number.

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with instructions to keep her in her room over night, and so the poor frail creature of circumstances was saved the utter ignominy of being thrown into a cell with a lot of other outcasts from the gutter, the garret and the gilded nests of the Tenderloin.

And now, as she appeared before the eyes of the Judge and of that motley crowd, she grew faint and would have fallen if she had not been supported by the strong arm of the sympathetic policeman. The Judge looked over his spectacles and asked the charge. When he learned what it was he scowled at her very sternly, but said to himself under his breath: "Humph, I don't believe it." Then he called for the witnesses in the case. A court officer went to one of the siderooms and there came forth the chipper, spry J. Montgomery Robinson and the smirking Helen Besley, who tried to look hurt and sorry for the girl she accused, but who in reality simply looked as if she had gotten up three hours earlier than usual, which, indeed, she had. This fact, however, did not dim the lustre of her jewelry or the rouge on her cheeks. First she told her story, and then she was backed up with much enthusiasm by J. Montgomery, who twirled his mustachios so vigorously and looked so triumphantly at Marie that the officer who had brought her in and had taken careful note of the proceeding said in a brusque aside to the matron: "Shure, I'd like to rap that feller's nut onct."

"Now, young lady," said the Justice O'Callahan, "tell your story and don't be afraid." And he thought of his own little Maggie girl away up in a Montreal convent. Marie, in a clear but firm voice, threw back her head and looked the Judge squarely in the eyes. It was not the braggadocio of the woman of the street. It was the brave candor of the innocent.

"All I can say, Judge," said she, "is that I have never stolen anything in all my life. I am utterly alone in New York, and I don't see why I am being so persecuted. That woman there," and here she pointed scornfully to Helen Besley, "must have some cause to hate me. A few nights ago she seemed to be jealous of a man who I supposed was a gentleman and who had taken me to dinner, and before him and everyone in the dining-room she insulted me openly. She came to my counter yesterday, and while I was waiting on her she pretended to grab her pocket-book from my hand. Before God, sir, I am innocent!" Here she broke down, while the matron patted her kindly on the back and said: "Cheer up, deary, cheer up."

Helen Besley's cheeks grew yellow, even under the rouge, and she almost screamed as she looked at the Judge: "It's a lie, your Honor, and the little baggage knows it! She's a thief— !"

"Silence, woman," the Justice said sternly. "I'll put you outside the railing if you yell so loudly again;" then, turning to Marie, he asked with evident concern in his voice: "Have you no friends who can vouch for your good character? I believe that you are innocent, but the evidence is very much against you, and——"

At that moment two figures came in hurriedly from the street door and walked rapidly down to the gate leading to the enclosure. One was Fairbanks and the other the little grizzled man of the breakfast-table in Mrs. Ball's boarding-house. Fairbanks' eyes blazed as he looked at Besley and softened as they took in the stooped figure of Marie. "Just a moment, your Honor," said he who was known as Mr. Pilkington. "I think I can have something interesting to say about this case," and as he spoke he handed a card to the Judge, who read it intently and then told him to go ahead. Pilkington looked searchingly into Helen Besley's face for a few seconds before he addressed her, then he said: "I think you have made a mistake, Madam."

"Not much I haven't," said Helen acidly.

"Oh, yes, you have," said Pilkington. "In the first place, with his Honor's permission, I will ask you your name? Tell the court what it is, please."

"The court already knows," snapped Helen.

"Tell it again," said the Judge.

"Helen Besley," hissed the woman again.

"It's very strange," said Pilkington, eying her in a way that had much meaning in it. "I was under the impression that it was Fannie Bentley."

At the name, Helen Besley gave an obvious start and ground her teeth. Then she threw up her head defiantly: "No, it ain't, and you can't prove it."

But there was nevertheless a noticeable tone of fear in her voice.

"Perhaps not," said Pilkington, "but about this charge against Miss Clarkson, don't you think there has been a mistake somewhere?" and again his steely eyes pierced Helen's every feature and made

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her apparently uncomfortable. Fairbanks, who had up to this time let Pilkington do all the talking, now said a word.

"Your Honor," said he, "I believe that there is a good reason for this unjust accusation, and if you will allow me to explain——"

"It's not necessary," said Helen in desperation, "perhaps I was mistaken. I can't prove that she took my pocketbook, but I think she is dishonest enough to steal, and I'll get even with the little cat if ever I get a ——"

"Order," and the Judge rapped sharply with his gavel. "Speak another sentence like that and I'll commit you for contempt. The prisoner is discharged." And in another moment the still chipper J. Montgomery and the infuriated Helen were on their way out of the court while Fairbanks and Pilkington and the matron and the officer were all in the Judge's room pouring congratulations upon Marie, now almost hysterical in her joy.

Chapter VII.

"My God, what a narrow escape!" said Fairbanks that evening, as he and Marie were dining quietly. Marie still looked tired but happy. "If it hadn't been for that man Pilkington I would never have known anything about the horrible affair, as I hadn't seen it in the morning paper. He rushed up to my apartments, showed me the paragraph and said that he would fix it all right if I would go down with him to the police court. We got there just in time, thank God."

"I wonder what interest Mr. Pilkington can have in me," said Marie. He never seemed to notice me at Mrs. Ball's."

"I don't know," said Fairbanks. He's certainly your friend. He seemed to have enough influence in court to gain his point, and he is no friend of Helen Besley." At mention of that name Marie gave a start.

"But now about yourself," said Fairbanks. "What are you going to do? You say you cannot go back to that ogress of a landlady, and it's too late for you to move to-night. I'll tell you what you had better do. After dinner I'll take you around to my apartments in West Thirty-fourth Street. You can stay there to-night. I'll introduce the janitor's wife to you. She's a good-hearted old soul and will know what to do for you."

As Fairbanks had been speaking the color surged into Marie's cheeks and so becrimsoned her face that the man of the world noticed it at once.

"But do you think," asked Marie, "that it would be quite right for me to——"

"My dear girl," said Fairbanks, with just a touch of reproach in his voice, "surely, you can trust me now. I give you my word of honor that I am think-

"It took Fairbanks exactly two seconds to land full and square upon the scarred temple of Fielding."

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ing only of your happiness and your ultimate good. I can suggest nothing better. Come, now, be sensible, put yourself in my hands and I shall see that everything is all right."

"Forgive me," said Marie, with tears in her eyes, "you have been very, very good to me, and it would be ungrateful of me to mistrust you."

They were seated near a window that looked out on a side street, and were so busily engaged that they had not noticed two figures standing on the opposite side. One was Helen Besley, the other a tall, flashily-dressed fellow of twenty-eight or thirty, with a curling upper lip and a scar across his left temple. He was a good type of the well-groomed semi-gentlemanly looking Broadway type. He was to all intents and purposes an easy-going, reputable man about town, but he would probably have found it difficult to look into the eye of a ward detective without wincing. Helen was talking to him excitedly.

"Now you know what you're to do, Fielding. I want to impress upon him the fact that that chit of a girl—don't forget her name, Marie—isn't all she pretends. So simply watch them when they come out, and at the first opportunity slide up and address her familiarly. Fairbanks will probably strike you, but I rather think an old war-horse like you can take care of yourself."

"And when do I get the fifty?" said Fielding.

"Oh, you're always thinking of the coin," said Helen impatiently.

"That's me," was the laconic answer.

"Well, then," said she, "I'll stand across the street and follow behind. When you've done the trick, come and get your fifty."

When finally Marie and Fairbanks left the restaurant, they went over to Broadway and started down toward Thirty-fourth Street. In front of the Empire Theatre, at Fortieth Street, Fielding, who had been jogging along and taking his measurements, sidled up to Marie, grasped her by the arm, and said with a leering smile, "Hello, Marie, my dear, I thought this was my night. Who's your friend? Introduce him!" Marie drew back in affright while Fairbanks swung full around and faced the intruder.

"Do you know this fellow, Marie?" said Fairbanks; and when she shook her head it took Fairbanks exactly two seconds to land full and square upon the scarred temple of Fielding, who promptly proceeded to sprawl in inglorious fashion upon the sidewalk, while Marie and Fairbanks walked quickly away, to the plaudits of a number of bystanders.

Chapter VIII.

When Fairbanks and his companion walked into the handsome Lorelley apartment house on West Thirty-fourth Street, their entrance was taken in hungrily from a near doorway by Helen Besley, who had not stopped to learn the ultimate fate of her tool, Fielding, but had gone on straight down Broadway in the wake of the two figures to which she was devoting so much attention. The elevator took Marie and Fairbanks to one of the upper apartments into which they were ushered. It was handsomely furnished in true bachelor style and displayed much of that good taste one would have associated with a man of Fairbanks' temperament. It was comfortable to a degree and so unlike Marie's poor little Bank Street room that she involuntarily threw up her hands with an exclamation of delight. Then her shyness coming over her again, she stood on the threshold as if undecided what course to pursue. Fairbanks saw this readily and took matters into his own hands by ringing at once for a hall-boy whom he dispatched for Mrs. Grogan, the janitor's wife. That good woman, in all her fullness of an avoirdupois mounting up to the second century mark, and with a broad smile that betokened a vast fund of good nature, made her appearance in a few moments. She did not seem surprised at seeing a woman in the apartment, but the sight of that innocent young face with its fluffy hair and its clear blue eyes made her go up to Fairbanks with a troubled look in her face as she said so low that only he could hear: "Hiven protect us, Misther Fairbanks! Shure, it's an innocent gurl she seems to be, and it's a good bringin' up she's had. I never seen the likes of her in this place before." Fairbanks thanked her for her intuition and then said aloud: "Mrs. Grogan, this is Miss Clarkson, a young girl who has had many troubles. I told her that you would be glad to advise her, so I'm going to a hotel and leave her here to-night in your charge."

"God bless ye for that, Misther Fairbanks," said the woman heartily, "and as fur you, Miss, shure there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fur yez. You can count on Hannah Grogan ivery toime."

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After packing a small hand-bag, Fairbanks bade them both good night and departed. It did not take Marie very many minutes to thoroughly enlist the sympathies of the good-hearted Irishwoman. The story of her struggle for bread and honor in the maelstrom of New York life, her persecution by Brown, Vandergriff & Co.'s floorwalker, who was immediately put down by Mrs. Grogan as the "divil's own sphalpeen," and her various other troubles made sympathy shine in the eyes of the good woman. When Marie mentioned Helen Besley, Mrs. Grogan shook her head knowingly, as if it were no more than she had expected from such a woman, although just why she should know anything in particular about her she did not explain.

Later on in the evening, Marie's newly-found friend excused herself, and said that she had duties to perform downstairs. She would come back in an hour or so and see that her charge was comfortable before going to bed. A few minutes after she had gone, and while Marie was preparing to get ready for her night's rest, she heard a number of voices in the outer hall, and in a moment more the door was opened and through the hall of the apartment there came a tripping of feet and a laughing of voices. In another moment, in the doorway stood Helen Besley and three or four friends who seemed prepared for some sort of high jollification.

"Ah, my dear little lamb," said Helen to the thoroughly frightened Marie. "You see you are not the only woman who comes to Charlie Fairbanks' rooms. See here," and she held a key aloft.

"She smiled tauntingly at Marie, who could only stand there rigid and helpless."

"Charlie probably didn't tell you that he gave me this a year ago. So glad to be with you, my dear, and so are my friends. Come in, people, and let's have a jolly night with Charlie's latest flame, Marie Clarkson, the dear, the sweet, the pure little lamb," and she smiled tauntingly at Marie, who could only stand there rigid and helpless, with the blood frozen stiff in her veins.

(To be continued next month)

WHO THEY ARE AND WHOSE THEY ARE.

Fanny Deering married Wm. Gill.

Annie Deland is the divorced wife of George Finnegan.

Lottie Delmaine is Mrs. Geo. W. Allen.

Jean Delmar is Mrs. Florence Ellis.

Marie De La Harpe is Mrs. Edward R. Shafer.

Albina De Mer is Mrs. M. B. Curtis (Skelenger).

Kate Denin married John Wilson.

Millie Denin, her sister, is Mrs. Ed. Barry.

Susan Denin is Mrs. Theodore Morris.

Maud De Orville is Mrs. Harry St. Clair.

Geraldine Grimes De Rohan is now Mrs. Louisa Hendricks.

Julia De Ryther, *née* Churchill, is a sister of Mrs. Wm Belden.

Ella Devaux is Mrs. Barry Gray.

Flora De Voss is Mrs. J. B. Rotnour.

Jennie De Witt is Mrs. Jas. Evans.

Jennie De Witt is Mrs. Jas. E. Cooper.

Clementine De Vere is Mrs. Sapio.

Ruth Dinsmore (Catharine Connors) is Mrs. Nat. Dews.

Annie De Vere is divorced from Jas. Reynolds.

Stella Diard is Mrs. W. H. Hatter.

Ella Dietz is Mrs. Clymer. She and Linda Dietz, her sister, were step-daughters of Dr. Hallock of New York.

Fannie Dillon, daughter of John Dillon, is Mrs. Dick Parker.

Louise Dillon, second wife of John Dillon, was Marie Louise Hernandez. She first married Henry W. Chapman, and is now Mrs. Frohman.

Madeline Dixon is the widow of Alexander Salvini.

(To be continued next month.)

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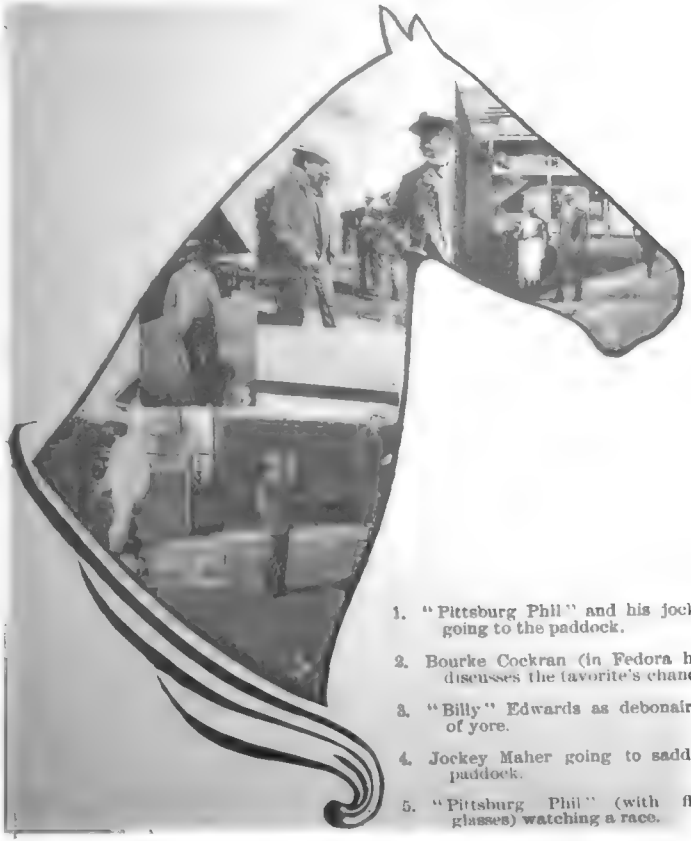
SNAP-SHOTS AT THE RECENT SHEEPSHEAD BAY MEETING.

Taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by W. N. Vander Weyde, Park Row's great camera expert.



1. "Pittsburg Phil" and his jockey going to the paddock.
2. Bourke Cockran (in Fedora hat) discusses the favorite's chances.
3. "Billy" Edwards as debonair as of yore.
4. Jockey Maher going to saddling paddock.
5. "Pittsburg Phil" (with field-glasses) watching a race.

1. "Jimmy" McLaughlin (figure on left), the old-time light-weight jockey; now a heavy-weight owner and trainer.
2. "Johnny" Carroll, Croker's right-hand man, and a well known New York newspaper writer.
3. "Billy" Fleischman, owner of a big stable of good ones.
4. Bourke Cockran talks politics on the club lawn.

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HOW ONE CAPE MAY GIRL DOES IT.

This is a snap-shot taken at Cape May. The girl in the case is from New Orleans, and we respect her wishes in not using her name. She has, as shown in this photograph, decided to be as comfortable as possible during her sojourn at the seaside. Every day finds her with this hammock outfit planted as firmly as wind, sand and waves will permit. This is a somewhat unusual thing for American seashore resorts, but in France it has long been a feature of summer resort life.

This photograph was taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and is only one of a series of similar pictures that will appear during the summer.

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JOSEPH HAWORTH.

WILLIAM STEWART.

WILLIAM INGERSOLL.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

SOME MORE BROADWAY HEARTBREAKERS. ACTORS THAT WOMEN LIKE.

Google

WAITING FOR REVENGE.

BY ALFRED K. MUNSON.

With an Illustration by W. STARKWEATHER.

ABOUT the palm grove was no sound stirring, save the nervous rustling of the leaves and the stealthy ripple of the Pacific Ocean. Well within the gloom the man sat, facing the harbor, gazing with fixed eyes at a vessel from which proceeded sounds of life. The dimness increased her size, for the starboard lights seemed to stretch for half a mile.

"She will sail at midnight," John Coates said; his voice was harsh and exultant. Then he lay down amid the long dry grass, and, lighting his pipe, resigned himself to his thoughts and hopes.

John Coates' story is soon told.

He came of seafaring folk, and should have stuck to the sea. But he had loved a woman whom he thought beyond his grasp, and to win her had deserted the occupation of his fathers. A rough fisherman was no mate for the fair young girl who tried to impart her knowledge to the village children.

He remembered well the day he had decided on his career. He could even smile, though sadly, at the recollection of his mother's tears.

Towards evening Coates had gone into a saloon, and, while there, met with a sergeant, gay of voice, full of stories of the Philippines, marvelous and irresistible. In these stirring recitals of trials, courage and victory, a sudden passion seized the lad. Here, it seemed to him, in this brave, dashing soldier-life he might become worthy of the woman he longed for. When he came, wounded perchance, he would dare to speak, and she would not dare, or even desire, to refuse him a hearing. So, after but a short reflection, he enlisted, and his courage was soon put to the test.

But the life pleased him, the thought of immediate active service animated him. He bade good-by to his parents with a light heart, hoping swift news of his success would dry their tears. The farewell to Mary was more difficult; but he was cheered by the sound of her voice, for he could detect a slight quaver in it, when she told him she would welcome him home as a hero.

During the war he had carried himself gallantly, bearing cheerfully the hazardous fighting, the hunger and thirst, the anxiety and fatigue. For he fought for his love with a reckless dash and valor that brought him into notice, and on one occasion his Colonel had risked his own life to save that of his subordinate. It had seemed to Coates that this brave deed done by his superior was perfect proof of his own soldierly merits. The recital of it, he believed, would touch a woman's heart. His life saved meant his life to be lived with Mary. His Colonel was the giver of the prize, and from that moment he became the Colonel's, body and soul.

On his return, the most cherished of his hopes gave luxuriant promise of fulfilment. The martial glamor that enveloped him, as so often in the stories of the world, proved more eloquent than the most earnest pleading. To him who bore his honors so meekly and yet so manfully, the woman had speedily surrendered herself. A few weeks spent in wooing her, who was already won, closed with the ringing of marriage bells. And then the days of probation were over, and the happiness, so worthily acquired, seemed to last forever. For the happy dream not of Death—a grim word, whose meaning it is none of their business to learn. Nor were the first years of his marriage life unchangeful, for, soon after, the regiment had been ordered to Samoa, and she went with him.

The early pleasure and excitement caused by new and mysteriously beautiful surroundings gave way to a nervous restlessness on the woman's part, to a strange, vague uneasiness on that of the man. He hoped against hope, clinging tenaciously to his ideal, refusing to believe that he was troubled or perplexed. But it was hard to deceive himself, and the deception could not live long. What the danger was that threatened him he knew not; only he was conscious of an indefinite and terrible doom that menaced his peace. He dared not question Mary, for she appeared still gentle and kind, yet in her eyes he read of thoughts she would not let him share. At first he argued that she was ill, that she was longing for her home. But he so argued only to satisfy himself—and he never would be satisfied. Then a chance jest, spoken unwittingly, suddenly revealed the hideous tragedy. Questions and

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angry words had followed, and for months life became unendurable. Little use was it for him to oppose a rival who was a rich Lieutenant in the regiment, wherein he was merely a subordinate. His military training helped him to face the world bravely, to laugh among his comrades, to keep his secret. But the sympathy of the Colonel made it harder to bluster with success. Yet his commander only knew that John Coates was troubled, and vainly essayed to learn the cause. Moreover, he felt that, did the matter become notorious, no one except the Colonel would believe him. Therefore, no good would spring forth from the shame; for he had no proofs, save Mary's assertion, and she had learnt to lie easily on occasions, and it was not likely that she would betray her lover. She had only done so to her husband in a fit of passionate anger, caused by the reproaches and suspicions he had hurled at her; and a minute later she contradicted herself forcibly, unflinchingly. But now a climax was reached; the lover had got leave of absence and was bound for San Francisco on board the great ship in the harbor. And Mary was going with him.

John Coates had discovered (luckily, he thought) the whole plot, and therefore it was that he hid in the palm grove and told over and over again to himself his terrible story.

But, after a time, he pulled himself together, and, sitting upright, read the hour on his watch by the aid of a match.

"One hour more, and then — damn him," he muttered. It was nine o'clock, and he had wasted nearly three hours in useless dreams. Not that there was anything to be done till the supreme moment came. Yet he felt that a man should not dream idly when about to attempt a deed that would leave its impress forever on his soul. A rustling movement in the grass made him start, but silence quickly succeeded. His abject terror at so slight a cause told him that he was nervous and overwrought.

Deliberately, he relit his pipe and sank down among the grasses, for he had risen in his agitation. He schooled himself to wait patiently. Sixty minutes would soon pass, and the last of them bore retribution and satisfaction.

He looked at the ship, wondering which was Mary's cabin, framing the speech by which he would greet her next day, when he stepped up to her and claimed her as his wife. He wondered, too, what the regiment would say when his desertion was discovered, and whether the Colonel would forgive him or think bitterly of him afterwards. A more grotesque problem somewhat amused him—what would happen when the body was found, and would *he* be suspected of the Lieutenant's murder. He smiled a little at the thought of his vengeance, and how the deep sea would roll between himself and his pursuers.

"He knelt down by the body."

When next he looked at his watch it was half-past ten. The hour was now very close at hand, for his rival was to leave a friend's house at ten, and would ride townwards down the road past the palm grove. At midnight the vessel was timed to sail. Suddenly he heard the sound of hoofs, and crept stealthily towards the highway.

Against the bright moonlight the figure of the rider was

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sharply outlined. Hissing a curse between his teeth, John Coates raised his right hand. His aim was steady and fatal; simultaneously with the sharp crack of the revolver the rider fell to the road. Hastily catching the frightened horse by the bridle, Coates led it into the grove and fastened it to a tree. Then, unconcernedly, first stopping to light his pipe, he strolled back to the place where his victim lay.

Now that the deed was done he felt no scruples, but rather a kind of joy. He sat quietly on a bank hard by, and surveyed the dead man. A smile of victory played round the corners of his mouth, and, with a contemptuous gesture, he hurled a stone at the corpse.

"Damn you, damn you, damn you," he repeated at intervals, as though the words were the burden of an old song that haunted him. There was still an hour to pass before the ship sailed, and he longed to gloat over the features of his victim. Laughing cruelly, he knelt down by the body and peered into its vacant eyes.

A cold tremor overpowered him, the sweat stood out suddenly in chill beads on his forehead, his throat became parched. With a mighty effort he uttered a cry, wringing his hands wildly, starting to his feet; but his gaze remained fixed immovably on the features of the dead. It was the Colonel!

He had killed the man who had saved his life—the man he worshiped.

Looking at the vessel again, he was electrified to see that she had started on her way homeward. He glanced at his watch again. It had stopped. Ah, he had mistaken ——

* * * * * *

Two bodies were found in the morning.

ONE WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY FREDERICK GROVER.

With an Illustration by H. SOMERVILLE.

SINCE their greeting two hours ago—Warren had spent the day wandering aimlessly about—only a few uneasy words had passed between them. Now that the meal was over, and they were cozy, talk would come of itself. Warren was the first to speak. He had been lying full length upon the couch; now turning on his side and drawing his legs up slightly, he rested an elbow upon the arm of the couch, so that he could look Conley in the face.

"You can see how Sing Sing has served me," he said; "brought me almost to the verge of decrepitude. Yet, give me the same opportunity and the same reason for taking it, and I will commit the same crime and suffer the same consequences once more."

Conley looked at Warren for a moment, then flung away his cigar, clasped his hands at the nape of his neck, and lolled back in the chair.

"Rather hard upon Messrs. Frazier & Hart," he said, dryly.

"I broke the laws of my country, and I have paid the penalty," said Warren, without hesitation.

"However thoroughly you may have been punished," returned Conley, "that, after all, was but poor compensation to Frazier & Hart. I'm quite sure they would never voluntarily have paid $10,000—was that the amount?—as the price of having their trusted bookkeeper incarcerated for five years."

"I suppose my position is hard to defend," admitted Warren, after a pause. "Nevertheless, I don't feel in the least like a criminal. I didn't in jail. It seemed as if I were there upon a mutual understanding. I was paying that price for a certain thing. The idea evidently showed itself in my behavior, for the jailers declared they had never had a more exemplary convict under their charge. The reason was, as I've already said, that I looked upon my imprisonment as part of a contract, and that I was therefore bound in honor—yes, bound in honor!—to be as tractable a prisoner as I could. That was the price I had, unknown to them, stipulated to pay."

"Do you mean that the whole affair was the outcome of a deliberate calculation; that you weighed the crime and punishment beforehand?" cried the other incredulously.

"Exactly," returned Warren. "Can you conceive the passion I had for Dora? But there, of course not! I can't myself. Let it suffice that she was indispensable to my happiness. Like a man who, hav-

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ing seen a wondrous jewel, so covets it that he determines, whatever the cost, to possess it (if only for a day), I was determined and impatient to make Dora my wife. I knew it was impossible for a poor man to win her, so from the outset I posed as a rich one. How was I to act up to this? Did I wait and grow rich honestly before wooing her, she, meanwhile, would be growing old, or be picked up by some one else. The mere thought was maddening, and made me desperate. Turning to my employers' books, I found it possible to embezzle a round sum of money, and go undiscovered unless by some exceptional circumstance—for five or six months. At the end of that time I should certainly be arrested and imprisoned for a number of years. Well, for the term of happiness the stolen money would give me, I was prepared to be imprisoned. It would only be cramming the happiness of a lifetime into a few months—extracting the essence, as it were. So I married Dora and set up a handsome flat, as you know, and a carriage, with my employers, money."

"Dora was incapable of loving generously?" suggested Conley, knitting his brows.

Warren seemed hit.

"I knew her to be ambitious," he said weakly. "But I had other motives. I wanted Dora at her best, and as the wife of a poor man she would not have been at her best. I wanted her to have heaped-up trunks of dresses, beautiful surroundings, and servants."

Warren was on his legs now, and, forgetful of his weariness, was pacing excitedly about the room.

"I wanted her to live and move in capacious rooms, not in a stuffy parlor and a stuffier bedroom. I did not want her to sit with me at dinner in a gown of frumpish stuff, jaded and made shrewish by too much domestic economy. I knew luxury to be as essential to Dora as cutting to the diamond. And I surrounded her with luxury——"

"For six months," interposed Conley.

"And I was happier in those six months than I should have been in a lifetime without her. Why, even now the memory is as good as wine to me." Warren paused in his walk to eye Conley piercingly, as if trying to brand him as well with the delirious memories.

"Was Dora as happy?" said Conley.

"If you think she was *not*——" began Warren, with some contempt.

"At the end of the six months—what then?"

Warren was silent.

"Your precious happiness-trap seems to have been a poor affair after all. You throw away your good name, you abuse a trust, and you bring shame and grief upon a good woman—for what? Six months' happiness that robbed you of five years."

"Don't talk rubbish, man," said Warren, angrily. "Dora would never have married a poor man; she was too ambitious." With that Warren dropped upon the couch.

"I wonder if she will come back to me?" he said presently.

"It's rather cool to expect a woman to live again with her criminal husband, especially if he be unrepentant," replied Conley.

"What's the good of harping upon that repentance string, Conley? I am not a tear-stained repentant; and there's an end of it. . . . Yet . . . if it gave me back my wife—I would tell any lie. There, what's the good of blowing bubbles? She's not for me!"

Conley laughed quietly to himself.

"Is she as beautiful as ever?" Warren asked, after a pause.

"More beautiful—I think," said Conley.

Warren eyed him suspiciously.

"What has she been doing during my imprisonment?"

"Become a rich woman, for one thing."

"Ah!"

"Her voice has fulfilled its promise; New York raves about her!"

"Who looks after her?" said Warren, with brutal suggestion.

Conley looked at him curiously, but made no answer.

Quite half an hour passed before either of them spoke. Then it was Warren.

"Why is it, Conley, that my love for Dora has made such a cur of me? Before I loved her I must have been quite a decent fellow—morally. I always imagined that love ennobled."

"That's better," thought Conley, as he came over and sat down beside Warren.

"You were abominably selfish, old fellow," he said, but with the same kindly tone that he adopted when serving out unpalatable truths to his friend in the old days. "Possibly that blinded you. So that, all the time you thought you were loving Dora, you were loving yourself."

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With that Conley stood up and moved towards the piano.

"The $10,000 had been refunded," he added, as he lighted the candles.

"By whom? said Warren, with a start.

"Dora," said Conley, sitting down at the piano, having first put the room door ajar. He played a few bars of a ballad, then, turning slightly, spoke whilst he played.

"Suppose Dora were, after all, a nobler woman than you thought?"

Warren appeared not to hear.

Conley did not repeat his question.

And presently, Warren, as the music crept into his senses, turned upon the sofa, and looked over its back at Conley playing. Conley seemed about to break off. Warren's gaze fell upon something in the doorway, and he clung to the sofa back like a drowning man to wreckage. And, as Dora came in quietly, in accordance with the signal prearranged, and moved towards Warren and forced him to realize that she was flesh and blood, and not a phantasy of his imagination, he raised himself.

"What does this mean, Conley?" he said, dimly suspicious. But Conley had gone. Warren looked at his wife wonderingly.

"At the sight of his misery, Dora's self-possession gave way."

"I've just come out of prison," he explained, awkwardly—as to a stranger.

"I know, dear," she said, soothingly.

"I am out of Sing Sing prison; I have been wearing rough clothes; I was *guilty*, you know." He spoke like one in a dream recounting a dream.

At the sight of his misery, Dora's self-possession gave way. She forgot all their friend's admonitions to be chary of giving her husband his happiness. She forgot to feed him slowly, and, putting her arms quickly about his neck, she kissed him. At the touch of his wife's lips, Warren broke down utterly.

"Dora, Dora." And he cowered in the arms of his love, like a criminal, indeed.

CONSIDERATE.

HUSBAND (*newly married*)—Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?

WIFE—Ah! you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be found anywhere; certainly it would.

HUSBAND—Well, then, take the curtains down.

PLAIN ENOUGH REASON.

IGNORAMUS—You just used the expression *fin de siècle*. What does that mean?

CULTURED ONE—It is French, and means "end of the century."

IGNORAMUS—Then why don't you say "end of the century"?

CULTURED ONE—Because that isn't French.

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PULITZER, OF THE WORLD, IS NOW STONE BLIND.

OTHER NEWS NOTES OF NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR MAKERS.

PULITZER AND THE WORLD.

It is said that Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York *World*, is now totally blind. For years his failing eyesight has been a current topic in newspaper circles. Now Pulitzer cannot see the slightest glint of sunshine and must be led around by the arm like the veriest cripple that he is. His private secretary must wield an immense power in the *World's* concerns, for the simple reason that only through him can Pulitzer learn the facts about his business. The conduct of the *World* in its business and editorial departments is not as abruptly eruptive as formerly, because at this time Pulitzer finds it necessary, now that he is out of the running himself, to rely on those men who have the training and experience necessary to the proper carrying on of a paper like the *World*. Mr. Seitz probably comes nearer to being the publisher in fact than Pulitzer himself. Seitz knows exactly to what extent the *Journal* has cut into the *World*, just how much it hasn't, and all the other interesting details for which Joseph Pulitzer must take the word of another. The afflicted publisher is anxious to have his blindness kept a secret for fear it will have some effect on his property. As a matter of fact it has been known for some time amongst those who are in a position to do him any harm, and it has not counted with them in one way or another.

SCOTT AND THE HERALD.

It is generally conceded that James Gordon Bennett turned a smart trick when he secured the services of Clement Scott, who, now that Francisque Sarcey is dead, is unquestionably the foremost dramatic critic of the world. Scott's description of Irving's opening in "Robespierre" was one of the best theatrical stories ever published in a newspaper in this or any other country. Scott is a mightily disliked man in London, but his ability is unquestioned. His addition to the staff of the New York *Herald* is one of the really important recent events in journalism.

WENZELL AND COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

A. B. Wenzell, unquestionably the greatest of American illustrators, and far ahead of C. D. Gibson as an all 'round artist, rather surprised his newspaper friends by tying up with *Collier's Weekly*, for which publication he is now making pictures on the other side. Wenzell is one of the consistently high-priced artists of this country, and it must have taken at least $10,000 a year to induce him to sign a contract with Pat Collier, who isn't generally fond of throwing money away. Wenzell, while abroad, will also do work for *Die Fliegende Blaetter*, which, on the other side, is sufficient proof that he knows his business. If, by the way, young Robert J. Collier, P. F.'s son, is responsible for *Collier's Weekly* as it appears to-day he deserves a lot of credit. It is simply walking away from *Harper's*, *Leslie's*, and all the old crowd, and this, too, in face of the generally believed statement that the weekly newspaper business is about as profitable a proposition as a bob-tail flush.

THE TIMES IS MAKING GOOD.

The disaster that was predicted for the New York *Times* when it dropped to one cent has not yet materialized. As a matter of fact, there is no New York paper, not even excepting the *Journal*, that has made such strides in the past year as the New York *Times*. It was generally believed at this time a year ago that Mr. Ochs, who manages the destiny of the *Times*, stood on pretty shaky ground, and that if he did not do something quick he would lose control of the property. He did something. The drop to a cent during the State election was probably the turning point in the eventful career of a newspaper that has been a regular sieve for a number of years. Spencer Trask, who is the financial mentor of the *Times*, has come out of a despondent gloom into the sun of calm contentment.

N. A. Jennings should quit newspaper work and write books. His first is an unqualified success.

PARK ROW

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AS HEARD AT SARATOGA.

REGGIE DE RIVERSIDE—My eyes, isn't she a corker!
WOOZY DE WETFACE—Corker, eh? So she ought to be, with that neck!

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WHAT HAS ANNA ROBINSON DONE TO PARIS?

As she appears in one of her French songs.

SHE has done all sorts of things, but the greatest achievement of all is the one by which she has convinced Paris that she is a great American singer, and in this way captured the public and the critics themselves.

Miss Anna Robinson, you will remember, is the pretty girl who has appeared in a number of New York productions and was noted chiefly and almost solely for her exquisite taste in gowns, which obviously cost more money than any manager would care to pay her. She was sartorially perfect, but dramatically lacking. However, just after it was announced that her engagement to a rising young politician had been broken, she went abroad and for some time nothing was heard of her; then suddenly we learned from the French papers that "Mlle. Anna Robinson, *la cantatrice Américaine*," had made her début and was a great artiste, singer, and a genius generally. All these things were said quite seriously — for the French take art quite seriously, you know.

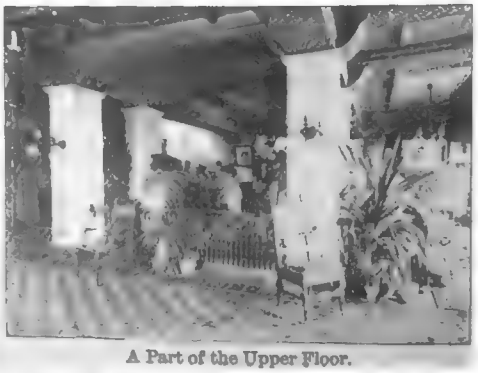
Also

On the Bois de Boulogne.

TWO VIEWS IN A BIG WESTERN PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN IN BAKER'S ART GALLERY IN COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The Big Reception Room.



A Part of the Upper Floor.

That the East has not the monopoly of finely-appointed photograph studios can be easily believed from these two pictures, which were taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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Just for an hour
A summer shower
Fell on the thirsty land ;

And in one drop
There came—ker flop !—
A spirit on my hand.

She was so cute,
And such a bute,
With such a lovely phiz,

That ere that storm
Was done, her form
I drew—and here she is.

F. H.

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FROM OUR SPECIAL LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

Also, Edna Wallace Hopper in London. Charles Frohman on the Move. The Trust that Failed.

London, June 1, 1899.

The Prince of Wales is at it again; that is to say, he is once more eager in his search for all the pleasure there is in life. His eyes have lately rested longingly on the person of a well-known American actress* who has been prominently before the London public for some months. She, unlike so many other American women who have dared to snub the Prince, has looked with satisfaction upon the wooing of this ardent though somewhat frayed Romeo. The affair is known to but a few, as both have been exceedingly circumspect. So well has his infatuation and her acceptance of his attentions been guarded that it was only by the merest chance I ran across this bit of gossip in the Lyric Club the other night. This same actress sometime ago separated from her leading-man on account of the Prince. Wales, who, notwithstanding his mischief-loving propensities, is really looked upon by the English as a jolly good fellow, is so captious in his likes and dislikes that it would not surprise me at any time to hear that he had transferred his much-abused affections to another quarter. Lily Langtry and other famous beauties on this side of the water would tell you that the Prince cannot be depended upon for a day when it comes to a question of constancy.

I ran across little Edna Wallace Hopper the other day, looking as fetching and altogether smart and dainty as when I had last seen her in America. She was just going to the races, all primed to back the Sloane mounts. She and the little jockey are great mutual admirers, and they were a much-discussed pair some nights ago as they sat in the Hotel Cecil dining-room and chatted and giggled and laughed like a couple of ingenuous children. Tod Sloane, by the way, is getting to be more of a howling swell every minute. Although this is not his first visit here he is so much more like a man-about-town in his manner of living and his personal expenditures that Londoners have not yet become accustomed to the glittering glare of the picturesque little jockey. He is so different from the old type of horse-pilot, who was not so much above the level of a groom, that it is enough to make us rub our eyes and ask where the thing is going to end.

London is full of Americans. In the past few days I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly, Ada Rehan, Charles Frohman, John Drew, and other well-known theatrical people. I am told that Charles Frohman's visit to the Alhambra one night recently was made for the purpose of reopening negotiations regarding the establishment of an immense music hall in New York, about which there was so much discussion two years ago. I would not be surprised to learn anything about Charles Frohman. When he is in London he manages to get around to more places in a shorter time than would be possible with a man of less prodigious energy. Early in the morning he is at his office in Henrietta Street. After he has kept the appointments which his representatives have made for him and has learned the condition of his American interests through the various cables that are sent him daily, he starts out in a cab and rushes pell-mell all over London for the rest of the day. He is a revelation to the phlegmatic Londoner, and is one of the few Americans who do not come over here and find it necessary to do business according to the English idea. If anybody wants to do business with Charles Frohman they have got to go about it in his way.

You will be interested to know that another attempt has been made to consolidate all the various wholesale news interests here and to form one central agency with branches like the American News Company organization of the United States. It is said that Smith & Sons, the big railway news agents, were deeply interested in the plan. It has failed completely, however, and English publishers are still confronted by the unpleasant and troublesome task of dealing with numberless small agents in London and throughout the United Kingdom. Some day there is bound to be a tremendously powerful news concern in London, and the men who are best fitted for the work are those who are responsible for the success of the American News Company.

JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

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*Mr. Clarke mentions the name in his letter, but the editor, with a nice regard for the libel laws, has cut it out.

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Vol. III. JULY, 1899. No. 4.

Are our great American universities turning out citizens or blackguards? This question is prompted by the treatment accorded by the students at Princeton to Pawnee Bill, a decent, law respecting showman who pays his bills, even if he doesn't smoke cigarettes and crease his trousers. In a street scrimmage the young men went so far as to kill one of Pawnee Bill's horses. The only pleasant part of the whole affair is the fact that one of the students was so severely whiplashed that he was obliged to lay his unholy carcass on a sick bed for a week. This isn't the first time that traveling companies have been waylaid by the gladsome Princetonians, who delight in such ingenuous and harmless pranks as cutting horses and insulting poor women who are compelled to debase themselves by appearing before them. All this is quite in keeping with the recent statement made by the head of a family, that he intended to move from New Haven because he did not consider the honor of his young daughters safe in that town. Yale students have long borne the reputation of being wild, but that word hardly justly describes the conduct of young miscreants who spend their father's hard-earned money in a method of life hardly in keeping with that of a celibate. And again we are led to ask: Are our great American universities turning out citizens or blackguards?

* * *

We think we have as many ideas as any of the younger and flourishing publishing houses, but we do not intend to take full credit for the "For Sale and Exchange" department covered fully in our advertising pages. This feature has for years been the principal and most popular one in an extremely successful English paper, called *Exchange and Mart*. So you see we're not afraid to tell our readers the truth at all times. Now suppose you read our "For Sale and Exchange" announcement.

Is lynching justifiable? This seems to be a question that will not down, notwithstanding all the sophistry of the North or the unbridled anger of the South. It is one that a Northerner cannot reply to convincingly. The Southerner answers it with a vengeance that must have something of godliness in it when he sees the wife or sweetheart or sister he loves defiled by the loathsome touch of a black beast whose horrible lips are more deadly to the flesh of a pure woman than the dagger of an assassin or the fires of hell itself. At such times there is no thought of the laws that are made for human beings. There is only the desire to kill a brute that should not live in God's own image and whose unearthly and craven yells are but poor solace for bleeding hearts. No, decidedly no; let not us of the North answer the question: Is lynching justifiable? Dread calamity has not taught us its stern and frightful lesson. Let it be answered by the Southerner—and in his own way.

Read announcement in advertising pages about "Broadway Summer Girls" (Broadway Quarterly No. II.) It's better and bigger even than Broadway Quarterly No. I. See for yourself.

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Photograph by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

ARLINE CRATER AND HER TARLETAN SKIRTS.

They're ballet skirts, of course. Miss Crater looks rather fetching here and gives a pretty good imitation of a girl who knows how to dance. But don't be deceived too much. Miss Crater does dance a little—but not much more.

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From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

A NEW PICTURE OF GRACE HEYER.

Miss Heyer is one of the fortunate—or is it unfortunate?—young women who aspire to great histrionic honors under the sheltering wings of that despot of the drama, Mr. Richard Mansfield. Miss Heyer is an exceedingly pretty young woman who appears in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The design drawn by the BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S artist does not denote that Miss Heyer has been struck by lightning. As a matter of fact, report hath it that she is jogging along calmly, providing, of course, that any one in Mr. Mansfield's employ can be said to be perfectly calm.

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Photographs by Spinner & Spies, Cleveland, O.

JUST A FEW POSES BY THE ENGSTROM SISTERS.

The Engstrom Sisters are busy little people. Here we have them in half a dozen poses, whereas in making the selection we might just as easily have picked out a dozen more. The Engstroms sing; they also dance. In the old days they would have been catalogued as belonging to the genus *songandances*. In these more polite days they are known as vaudeville artists.

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A FAVORITE ARTISTS' MODEL IN THE NEW YORK STUDIOS.

HER NAME IS —— BUT PERHAPS YOU HAD BETTER ASK MR. CURRAN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

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THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.

Shapely Features. Unblemished Complexions.

JOHN H. WOODBURY discovered the simple fact that no reason existed why skilled surgery could not be applied to facial operations in improving and beautifying faces and features as well as to different portions of the body.

Look into your mirror, examine closely all features of the face and decide for yourself if they are just what they should be. Are they shapely, clearly outlined and symmetrical? Compare one with the other. Do they harmonize? Is there one that detracts from another, or destroys the beauty of the whole? Go carefully over the entire facial form. It will well repay for the time and trouble, as the study will prove both interesting and instructive.

The knowledge that naturally comes with the twenty-seven years' practical experience of John H. Woodbury, and the physicians and surgeons of the Dermatological Institute, enables them to remove with remarkable skill all unsightly blemishes from the face and body.

Many an actress has secured a better part and more salary by having her face improved. The following story was told by a lady whose friend had advised her to go to Woodbury:

"What you told me a year ago about having a new face made such an impression upon me that I went to New York and experienced the facial transformation.

"My nose was changed from an extremely pronounced Roman into this aquiline, which my friends say is nearly perfect. The operation was painless. It was performed in two hours, and you can see for yourself that there is no scar.

"Mole was removed from my face by a spe preparation, which caused them to dry up and off. No knife was used, and the skin was not ev broken.

"My cheeks, which were hollow, were made plu and full by skilful treatment, and my skin was re dered soft and clear.

"After that I had no trouble in securing go engagements, for my face matched my voice a figure. I am now making as much money in month as I formally did in a year."

The illustrations in this article are from pho graphs of persons taken before and after operatio They show stronger than any argument the practi bility of plastic surgery in changing unsatisfacto features, making people better looking and happier

FIG. 1A.
A LARGE NOSE BEFORE OPERATION.

FIG. 2A.
THE SAME NOSE AFTER OPERATION.

Horace Wittan MacClarin, a Canadian physici who has often visited and recommended his afflicte friends to the Woodbury Institute, wrote us recent as follows:

Two years ago, while summering at one of th islands in the great St. Lawrence, I became ver well acquainted with a gentleman and his wife a their little daughter Dorothy, a sweet little girl twelve with a charming disposition. Dorothy and soon became much attached to each other and sh was all the more attractive to me owing to her reti ing bashful manner which I readily perceived wa due largely to very unfortunate circumstance When Dorothy was six years old she was playin with some little chums one day when she was acc dently pushed against a hot stove, burning one sid

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of her face leaving an unsightly red scar about four inches long and about an inch in width; one would naturally think the poor child had suffered her share, but evidently not, because only two years later she was stricken with smallpox and on her recovery her entire face was covered with those ungainly pock marks. Naturally she felt backward and ofttimes very unhappy because she new she was horribly conspicuous in the eyes of her playmates, even though they did not deride her. As I said before I wrote little Dorothy, or rather her father, and not only suggested but urged that he take her to New York and visit the Woodbury Institute. After much persuasion on my part he finally consented, and three months afterwards I received the following letter:

SYRACUSE, N.Y., April 18, 1899.

"MY DEAR, DEAR DOCTOR:—How can I ever thank you for persuading my papa to take me to see John Woodbury. it was so good of you and little did you know that you were going to make me the happiest of little girls. Well! to tell you all about it, papa and I arrived in New York in the morning and about noon we visited the Institute, and you can imagine how I felt. I thought I was going to see a horrible old doctor and he was going to hurt me a whole lot, but do you know we met the nicest, dearest doctor I ever saw and he was so kind to me, he made me feel right at home. He told me he could remove that awful red mark and those horrid pock marks from my face and would not hurt me very much. He then had me sit in his chair and rubbed something on my face, which he said would prevent pain, and then started to work, and do you know he didn't hurt me a bit. I visited his Institute every other day for a couple of weeks, and then he told me he was all through, so I returned home. I have been home just ten days and now my face is all healed up and Mamma says I am as pretty a little girl as I used to be before I had that awful smallpox. My playmates don't look at me so strangely as they used to, and oh! I am so happy. Now, my dear doctor, do come up and visit us so I can thank you for doing so much for me and you can see for yourself what a different looking girl is your little DOROTHY."

No doubt there are hundreds of just such cases as little Dorothy's who feel that everyone derides them owing to some facial blemish or featural irregularity, and life is becoming so burdensome that they are almost at a loss to know what to do.

There is almost no end to the featural operations performed at the John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute. Outstanding ears are set closer to the head; wrinkles are permanently and painlessly removed; faces that are thin and flabby from illness or other causes are made full and firm, while faces that are too full are reduced to proper proportions; high cheek bones that are too prominent are toned down to conform with the other features; bridges are inserted into broken and flattened noses, which are built up to harmonize with the contour of the face; the wrinkles between the eye brows made by scowling, or the cushion of flesh in the same place occasioned by wearing glasses, are as easily removed as the superfluous hairs which grow between and connect the eyebrows and give one anything but a comely appearance; while the removal of warts, moles, freckles, birth-marks, small-pox pittings, powder marks, superfluous hair is of almost hourly occurrence.

A great deal is said and written about the great

FIG. 3B.
A BULBOUS NOSE BEFORE OPERATION.

FIG. 4B.
THE SAME NOSE AFTER OPERATION.

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success attained in the correction of irregular features. The idea is comparatively new, and the results are so wonderful it makes one incredulous until one realizes by a little reflection that it is not nearly as difficult to straighten a crooked nose or set back projecting ears as it seems on first thought. Many much more wonderful operations are daily performed on sick persons in the hospitals, wonderful on account of the risk and danger of a serious operation on a person whose vitality is low from sickness, while the operations at Woodbury's are never dangerous and are on persons in good health and vigor.

The great success of this institute is founded on its reputation for curing diseases of the skin.

No claim is made to perform miracles, but simply to give the benefit of the skill that comes from many years' experience. At the Woodbury Institute the

FIG. 5C.
PROJECTING EARS.

treatment of the skin has been made a specialty for many years and the doctors, from doing the same thing over and over again, came to know exactly what to use to produce the quickest and most thorough cure. No one medicine is used but whatever is necessary in each individual case. Every known medicine or instrument that is a help for any ailment of the skin is at the service of patients.

A disease of the skin is very often the outward expression of some internal derangement, and it is the aim to reach the cause and cure that. The success of the Institution depends and is based on results. If you have a blemish disease or deformity on the skin you can see it when we remove or cure it. You know it and no argument will satisfy you so well as your own eyes.

Even noted medical men admit that the operations performed in this Institute, while not miracles, are certainly performed by very scientific men, and that John H. Woodbury unquestionably has done his share towards making better and increasing the happiness of the human race.

A few weeks ago a gentleman who is a patient of Dr. F. J. Bowles, one of New York's leading eye specialists, was on his way to the Woodbury Institute, when he met this noted doctor and asked him to accompany him; on leaving he asked the doctor his opinion of the operation he saw, and his reply was: "From what I have seen I should judge the doctors of the Woodbury Institute are skilled, and from their vast experience certainly they must be able to perform operations which are of a great benefit to those who suffer from facial blemishes."

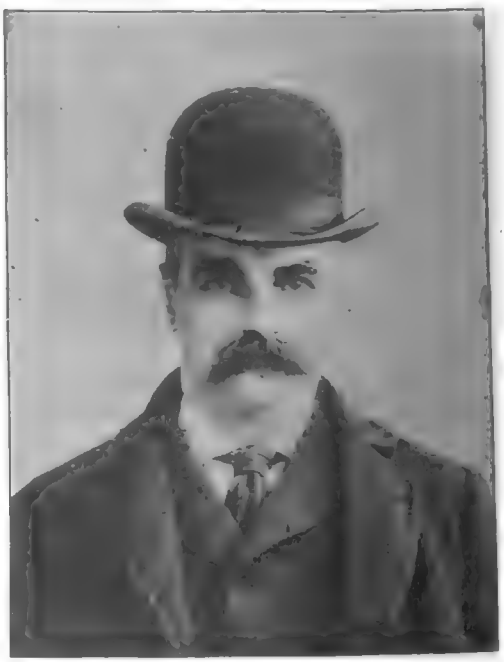

FIG. 6C.
THE PROJECTING EARS SET BACK.

This is only one instance of many where doctors have spoken in the highest manner of the scientific work of this institute, judged wholly by the results obtained.

Hundreds of doctors, some of them noted in other specialties, have sent letters of thanks to this Institute for the wonderful benefits which their patients had derived from being operated upon by these skilled surgeons, and hundreds more would gladly send patients and also letters of thanks if they would only familiarize themselves with some of the great scientific results which have been obtained.

Had John H. Woodbury lived in another land and in a different age he would have been the acknowledged peer of Kings and Princes, and his name would have been lauded to the skies, although for a time his

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praises might have been unsung, and a century from now monuments will have been raised to his memory, and he will be spoken of as "Woodbury the Great."

And yet it seems inconceivable that, in the face of all this voluntary testimony, thousands and thousands of people in this country suffer the pain of being conscious that they are conspicuous in the eyes of everyone on account of some facial blemish, when the remedy is so sure and so near at hand. Fancy parents who think they are indulgent and ever watchful of their children's happiness and future, permitting them to go through life bearing the unhappy burden of some featural irregularity or facial blemish. Just think of the responsibility that rests upon the shoulders of these parents. And yet these very same parents would rise in great indignation if anyone would point a finger towards them and say "you have woefully neglected your child." Just stop and think of the great disadvantage that a young man or young woman is placed at who has to earn his or her own living, when that position depends largely on personal appearance. A young man or young woman who possesses little of this world's goods, and who is compelled to earn a living, under the most favorable conditions finds it hard at times to make two ends meet, and in numerous instances consider themselves fortunate to be able to eke out an existence. Then, think of the young aspirants who seek a position, with nothing more to recommend them than their featural appearance, and when that featural expression is conspicuously irregular, possibly in the form of a humped nose, or protruding lip, or projecting ears, or maybe bear an unsightly birth-mark, or disagreeable scar, or possibly, worse than all, a hair lip; just think of how such a one would be handicapped in the world's great race of progress. Pause for a moment, if you will, and think not only of the physical suffering of such a one, but think of the mental anguish—anguish which would rob life of its every charm. Then, would you care to be responsible for the causing of such pain and anguish to one whom you loved? Our motto should always be "help one another." In the case of those who are near and dear to us, we should feel it our pleasure as well as duty to look after their future happiness, and we should at least do what is in our power to alleviate the suffering of those around us, whether that suffering should be mental or physical.

This great Institute has already its branches in five cities in this country, and it is only a question of time when every city in this country will not only desire but demand a branch of this Institute, and consider it as essential as any other requisite which it now possesses.

If you have any mark or blemish on, in or under the skin from the smallest pimple or mole, to the most severe eruption, from a little wrinkle to a hideous hare lip, from the tiniest wart or wen to the most glaring birthmark, and you want to be rid of it there is no surer way in the world than a visit to the John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, 26 W. 23d Street, New York, with branch institutes in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis. If you cannot call write and get a symptom blank which, when filled out as directed, enables the doctors to tell just what ails you and what to do for it.

FIG. 7D.
A MAN'S NOSE ON A WOMAN'S FACE.

FIG. 8D.
THE MAN'S NOSE AFTER OPERATION.

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ALBUM OF BEAUTY

The official title is **"The Illustrated American Quarterly Number I."**

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No. PIANO OR ORGAN.

195. Leap Year Schottische - - - - - - - - - *Kahn*
193. Poet and Peasant Overture (Suppe) - - *Brunner*
191. Over the Waves Waltzes - - - - - - - - *Rosas*
187. Austrian Song - - - - - - - - - - *Pacher*
185. Her bright smile haunts me still. Varl. *Richards*
183. Golden Rain Nocturne - - - - - - - - *Cloy*
181. Auld Lang Syne. Variations - - - - - *Durkee*
179. Beauties of Paradise Waltz, 4 hands *Streabbog*
177. Frolic of the Frogs Waltz - - - - - - *Watson*
175. Six National Songs of America - - - - *Blake*
173. Hobson of the Merrimac. Waltzes - - *Jewell*
171. Old Oaken Bucket, The. Variations - *Durkee*
169. Smith's (General) March - - - - - - *Martin*
167. Red, White and Blue Forever. March - - *Blake*
165. American Liberty March - - - - - - *Cooke*
163. Dewey's Grand Triumphal March - - - *Marcel*
161. Silvery Waves. Variations - - - - - *Wyman*
159. Lee's (Gen'l) On To Cuba Galop - - *Durkee*
157. Last Hope, The. Meditation - - - *Gottschalk*
155. Evergreen Waltz - - - - - - - - *Stoddard*
153. Jenny Lind Polka. Four hands - - *Muller*
151. The Storm. Imitation of Nature - - - *Weber*
149. Salem Witches March—Two-Step - - - *Missud*
147. Grand Commandery March—Two-Step - *Missud*
145. Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two-Step - *Missud*
143. Richmond March—Two Step - - - - - *Missud*
141. London March—Two-Step - - - - - - *Missud*
139. Home Sweet Home. Transcription - - *Slack*
135. Nightingale's Trill, op. 81 - - - - - *Kullak*
133. Cadences and Scales in all the Keys - - -
131. Monastery Bells. Nocturne - - - - - *Wely*
127. Rustling Leaves. Idylle - - - - - - *Lange*
125. My Old Kentucky Home. Variation - - *Cook*
123. Old Folks at Home. Transcription - - *Blake*
119. Woodland Whispers Waltzes - - - - - *Stanley*
109. { Bridal March from Lohengrin - - - *Wagner*
{ Sultan's Band March - - - - - - - *Brown*
101. Ancients Abroad. March—Two-Step - - *Cook*
99. Maiden's Prayer. The - - - - - *Badarzewska*
95. Spirit Lake Waltz - - - - - - - - - *Simons*
93. Waves of the Ocean March - - - - - *Blake*
87. National Anthems of Eight Great Nations
85. Winsome Grace. A perfect gem - - - - *Howe*
83. { Orvetta Waltz - - - - - - - - - *Spencer*
{ Rustic Waltz - - - - - - - - - *Schumann*
79. Please Do Waltz - - - - - - - - - *Durkee*
73. Storm Mazurka - - - - - - - - - *Keefer*
71. Crystal Dew Waltz - - - - - - - - *Durkee*
69. Flirting in the Starlight. Waltz - - - *Lasde*
67. Bryan and Sewall March - - - - - - *Noles*
63. McKinley and Hobart March - - - - - *Turner*
59. Wedding March - - - - - *Mendelssohn*

No. PIANO OR ORGAN—Continued.

57. Twilight Echoes. Song without words *Jewell*
51. Bluebird Echo Polka - - - - - - *Morrison*
47. Cleveland's March - - - - - - - - *Noles*
37. Battle of Waterloo - - - - - - *Anderson*
35. Black Hawk Waltzes - - - - - - - *Walsh*
33. Corn Flower Waltzes - - - - - - *Coote, Jr.*
22. In Hoc Signo Vinces. 1895 K. T. March - - *Daw*

No. VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN.

196. Killarney - - - - - - - - - - - - *Balfe*
194. She Sleeps among the Daisies - - - *Dinsmore*
192. Can you, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret? *Estabrooke*
190. Come When the Soft Twilight Falls *Schumann*
188. In the Starlight. Duet - - - - - - *Glover*
186. Whistling Wife, The. Comic - - - - *Randall*
184. I can't forget the Happy Past - - - *Skelly*
182. Father is Drinking Again. Temp. - - *Bickmore*
180. Far Away - - - - - - - - - - - *Bliss*
178. God Bless my kind old Mother - - - *Jewell*
176. Darling Nellie Gray - - - - - - - *Hanby*
174. Parted from our dear Ones - - - - *Keller*
172. Mother's Welcome at the Door *Estabrooke*
170. My Old Kentucky Home - - - - - - *Foster*
168. Coon's Breach of Promise. Cake-Walk - *Blake*
166. From our Home the Loved are Going - *Porey*
164. Larboard Watch. Duett - - - - - - *Williams*
162. Ben Bolt, of "Trilby" fame - - - - - *Kneass*
160. Outcast, An. Character Song - - - *Frits*
158. Thinking of Home and Mother - *Cohen*
152. Flag of Our Country. Patriotic - *Matholt*
150. Gypsy Countess. Duet - - - - - - *Glover*
148. Poor Girl Didn't Know. Comic - - *Cooke*
146. Listen to the Mocking Bird - - - *Hawthorne*
134. Beautiful Moonlight. Duet - - - - - *Glover*
132. Kiss me, but don't say goodbye - - - *Rutledge*
128. Don't drink, my Boy, tonight. Temp. - *Hoover*
120. Storm at Sea. Descriptive - - - - - *Hullah*
108. Tread softly, the Angels are calling - *Turner*
96. Lost Chord. The - - - - - - - *Sullivan*
94. Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber) - - *Foster*
90. On the Beach. Most beautiful ballad - *Robinson*
88. Shall I Ever See Mother's Face Again? *Adriance*
84. What are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet *Glover*
68. Lovely Little Nellie Dwyer - - - - - *Casey*
56. Precious Treasure. Song and Dance - - *Weiler*
44. Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott, The *Reissmann*
40. Love ever Faithful - - - - - - - *Bucalossi*
36. For the Colors. Patriotic - - - - - *Wilson*
34. By Normandie's Blue Hills - - - - - *Trotere*
25. Lurline, Do you think of me now? - *Estabrooke*
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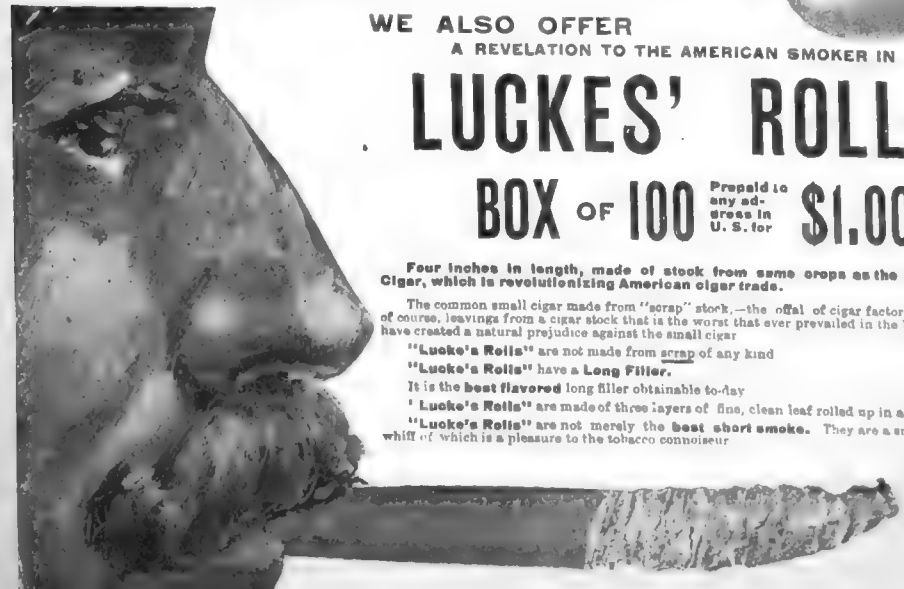

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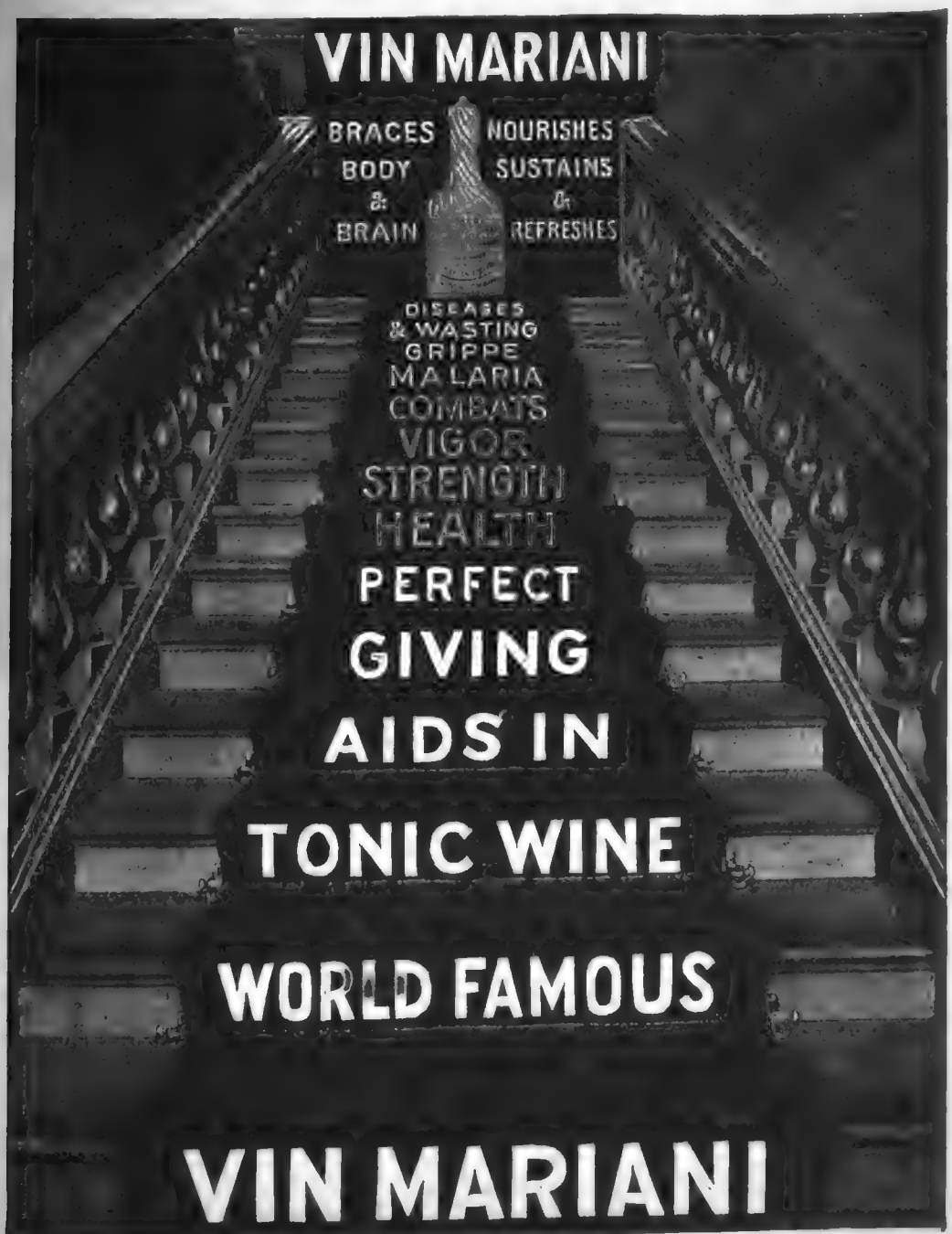

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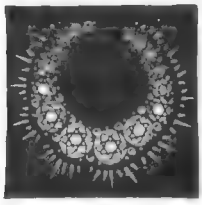

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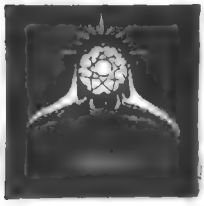

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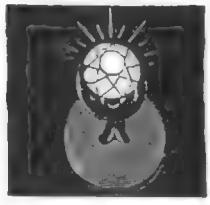

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YOUNG MAN — It is a solemn thing when a woman trusts a man with her affections.

OLD MAN — It ain't as solemn as when she won't trust him with his own salary.

A New and Interesting Feature.

Amongst the upwards of 100,000 people who read the BROADWAY MAGAZINE every month, there must be quite a number who have on their hands goods of various character in good condition that they would like to exchange for equally valuable, but, to them, more useful material. With this object in view, the publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE have decided to begin in the August number a department headed "FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE." The publishers throw open the columns of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE only to its own readers. Advertisements under this heading will be inserted for 10 cents for a line of 6 words, or 3 lines for 25 cents. Not more than three lines will be inserted for any of our readers in one issue. *This is no money-making scheme.* It is devised solely for the benefit of our readers, as the composition and printing of the advertisements will cost a great deal more than we ask. However, it is our intention never to lose an opportunity to solidify our circulation, and to keep our readers always interested.

For your convenience and guide we publish herewith some sample advertisements.

This might suit your requirements :

Will exchange Pope Bicycle for Buckeye Camera and $5.00 cash. Address JOHN JONES, 11 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

Or this one :

Have an upright piano. What will you offer in cash or exchange? BARLOW, 41 Garden St., Philadelphia.

Or perhaps :

Need Cameras. TOM BROWN, Salem, Ohio.

Or something like this :

Offer pony cart for Crescent and cash, of opera glasses and $20.00 cash. Make offer. S. GRANT, Tucson, Ariz.

Copy for our Midsummer number should be forwarded at once. If you want to make known your desire to buy or to sell to 100,000 people throughout the country, you should take advantage of this offer. Remember, it is open only to regular readers, 10 cents per line of 6 words, three lines for 25 cents. Don't send us more than three lines. We can't afford to print them at the price quoted.

Address : "FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE,"
BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
1123 Broadway, New York City.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor. **37 Great Jones St.,** NEW YORK.

A DOLLAR RING FREE!

The greatest value ever offered. The illustrations do not show one half their beauty. There are people wearing these rings on the same hand with diamonds. They always pass for $10 rings as they are elegantly chased and engraved by hand. They are all the rage now in New York, and are considered just the rings for either lady or gentleman. These rings have been sold for $6.00 each, but we want to introduce our celebrated perfumery. We want you to help us. We don't want you to do this for nothing. We therefore make you this broad offer. We will give anyone either of these handsome solid gold filled rings who will sell in their neighborhood 20 cases of our perfumery at five cents a case, to their friends. We ask no money in advance. When sold you send the money and we will mail the handsome ring. We take all the risk. Write at once, as this offer will not appear again. If you wish to buy one of these rings and do not care to become our agent it will cost you $1 alone.

PARIS PERFUMERY CO., 19 Warren St., NEW YORK.

ONE $ ONE

PARISIAN PHOTOS.

GREAT MODELS OF PARIS IN EXCLUSIVE POSINGS. . .

Invaluable to Artists, Students, Art Lovers.

2 CABINETS and 72 MINIATURES WITH ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. ALL $1.00. BANKNOTE OR STAMPS.

R. CENNERT,
49 Rue St. Georges, Paris, France

ONE $ ONE

Two Good Summer Books.

"Wonderland '99," is the name of one of the most remarkable and artistic railroad publications I have seen. The front page is as fine a specimen of color work as has ever been put out by any publishing house in this country, and the same high artistic merit has been maintained throughout the entire book. It is issued by the Northern Pacific Railway, and will be forwarded to anyone mentioning the BROADWAY MAGAZINE on receipt of six cents in stamps or otherwise by Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad has just issued an illustrated catalogue of "The Four Track Series." It is one of the most comprehensive and handy railroad books of the year and unique and unusual in every way. It contains many illustrations of scenes along the route of this great railway. George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York City, will send you a copy, postpaid, on receipt of a one cent stamp. Mention the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

HAROLD HALFCALF

Fac-similes of Thirty Stunning Photographs for 25 cts. These thirty pictures are reduced fac-similes of some of the best photographs ever made by the celebrated Sarony studio of New York City. They make a compact sheet of thirty different poses—some in tights. Amongst these reduced fac-similes are pictures of Lillian Russell, Fougère, Fanny Ward, Harriet Vernon, Pauline Hall, Della Fox and Sadie Martinot. This is a splendid opportunity of getting thumb-nail camera snap-shots of some of the most stunning women of the contemporaneous stage. Send 25 cts. in stamps or silver at once, as when the first supply is exhausted there will be 10 second edition. Address, LOUIS BLUM, 1180 Broadway, New York City.

Special: Send us one dollar NOW and we will insert Broadway Magazine for one year and 2 36 cut photographs FREE. But send NOW. Offer for July only.

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Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Our Photograph Sale a Tremendous Success

THE advertisement in the June number of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, in which were offered pictures of Edna Wallace Hopper and Madge Lessing for 25 cents, has created a greater demand than has ever been known in the history of photographs in this country. They were two copyrighted pictures by B. J. Falk, New York's famous photographer. The first day after the publication of the June number of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, orders for hundreds of photographs were received, and the demand has increased by every mail. At the present writing there are nearly thirteen hundred orders to be filled. So great has been the demand that it has been utterly impossible for Mr. Falk to keep pace with the orders, and he has been obliged to increase his printing facilities.

All this, no doubt, is due to the fact that we have been enabled for the first time to offer high-class copyrighted photographs of stage beauties at less than half price. So successful has been this photograph sale that we have made further arrangements with Mr. Falk, and are now enabled to supply any of the photographs in the list of fourteen published on this page. Every one of these pictures is an original copyrighted photograph and not merely a trumped-up copy. You cannot buy any of them anywhere at any time for less than 35 cents each. Owing to the prodigious number we are able to order at a time, and to the fact that we are not trying to make a penny profit on this deal, we can make the following offer:

These pictures are copyrighted by B. J. Falk, New York City, and cannot be reproduced without a specified agreement.

1. Julia Marlowe. 2. Lillian Russell. 3. Grace Freeman. 4. Minnie Ashley. 5. Chauncey Olcott. 6. William Faversham. 7. James K. Hackett. 8. E. H. Sothern. 9. Cecile Fitzgerald. 10. Marie Jansen. 11. Anna Held. 12. Mary Mannering. 13. Edna Wallace Hopper. 14. Madge Lessing.

Fifteen cents each; two for 25 cents; four for 50 cents; nine for $1.00.

Each of these photographs is a reduced facsimile of the original, and is only about one-thirtieth the size of the original.

Any One of the Fourteen, 15 Cents.
Any Two of the Fourteen, 25 Cents.
Any Four of the Fourteen, 50 Cents.
Any Nine of the Fourteen, $1.00.

Don't make any mistake about it. You cannot secure these pictures for less than 35 cents each, except from the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Sellers of photographs and newsdealers throughout the country should also take advantage of this offer, as it is much less than the wholesale price, and they can thus add attractive and salable merchandise to their stock. The price as given is ridiculously low and they could not be printed for any such price except in enormous quantities.

Once again — *this is no money-making scheme. These photographs are not mere copies.* They are printed direct from the original negatives and on a beautiful new mat paper with platinum effect.

Remember, also, that the reputations of Mr. Falk and ourselves are at stake in this matter. This insures that you are getting more than your money's worth.

Send your orders now, and remit amounts in stamps, silver, money-order, or check.

Photograph Department, Broadway Magazine, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

. . . Special Subscription Offer for July . . .

Send us $1.00 for a year's subscription for the 1899 numbers, from January to December inclusive, and we will send you, *free*, a copy of the **Broadway Quarterly No. I.**

You had better take advantage of this offer at once, as the "Broadway Quarterly No. I." is very scarce and we have only a few copies left in our office. It was one of the big periodical successes of the past six months.

Remember: Twelve Numbers of the "Broadway Magazine" for $1.00, and the "Broadway Quarterly No. I." *gratis.*

Address at once: **Broadway Publishing Co., 1123 Broadway, New York City.**

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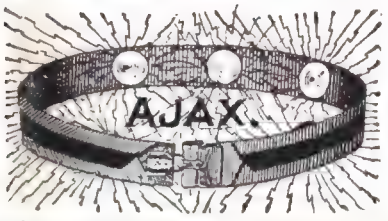
Electricity CURES

Rheumatism
Nervousness
Sleeplessness
General Debility

Makes the Weak Strong . Keeps the Strong Well.
No family on earth should be without an AJAX Electric Belt.



The AJAX is a recent discovery and is the only belt on the market that has an attachment which regulates the voltage, making the current as weak or as strong as one desires. The AJAX generates a continuous current differing from so many so-called Electric Belts which produce an intermittent current frequently causing shock, and in many instances doing a vast amount of harm.

If "USE AN AJAX ELECTRIC BELT" were written in every home much of misery this gospel would wipe away.

What a Wearer of the Belt says:

The first night of sound sleep I had enjoyed for years was after I used the "Ajax" for three nights. (Signed) CARL F. DUNNING.

By Express Prepaid for **Price, $6.00.**

Send for Free Catalogue.

A. J. DITMAN, 2 Barclay Street, New York.

Trade-Mark Registered.

WILL Develop or Reduce any part of the Body

A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and

REMOVER OF WRINKLES

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS'

THE ONLY

ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada.)

"Its work is not confined to the face alone, but will do good to any part of the body to which it is applied, developing or reducing as desired. It is a very pretty addition to the toilet-table."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

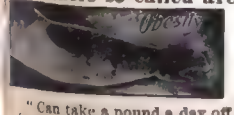
"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the *only positive remover* of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"The Electric Roller is certainly productive of good results. *I believe it the best of any appliances.* It is safe and effective."
—HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, *New York World.*

FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor (you are referred to the public press for the past fifteen years), with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, $4.00; SILVER, $3.00. By mail, or at office of Gibbs' Company, 1370 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Circular free.

The only Electric Roller.
Others so called are Fraudulent Imitations.



Copyright.

"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or *put it on.*"—*New York Sun*, August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat," and Blank.

No Dieting. No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.

Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. **NO FAILURE.** Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, $5.00. Mail, or office, 1370 Broadway, New York.

"On obesity, Dr. J. W. Gibbs is a recognized authority."—*New York Press*, 1899. **Reduction Guaranteed.**

"The cure is based on Nature's laws."
—*New York Herald*, July 9, 1898.

ALCOHOLISM
IS CURABLE.

Our treatment is taken at home without the publicity and expense of an institute treatment. **No Hypodermic Injections** with their evil effects. It cures; not temporarily relieves. The expense is much less than the institute treatments. It braces the nerves, tones the stomach, and leaves the patient in good condition. Consultation and correspondence free and confidential. Write for our book on Alcoholism and narcotic diseases, mailed free in plain envelope.

We are successfully treating hundreds of patients by mail every month. Under our system of correspondence each patient receives individual care and instruction.

It would not be possible to get such endorsements as the following did we not do all we claim.

Hon. L. S. Coffin, President Railroad Temperance Association of America: The work of the BARTLETT CURE is well-nigh miraculous. It stands in advance of all other cures for drunkenness.

Father Cleary, former President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society of America: If the BARTLETT CURE be properly taken, it will cure alcoholism more effectually than any other remedy at present known.

THE BARTLETT CURE CO.,

Room 16, 157 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., 15th Floor, and Suite 918, 1123 Broadway, New York.

The Spoopendyke Papers.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY. Almost every one has heard of the celebrated Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke, whose laughable sayings, doings and adventures have for years past amused a nation of readers. All the best of these sketches have been collected, and are now published in an attractive book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in handsome paper covers. Among the titles are: "The Architecture of a Hen-Coop," "A Matter of Soap," "A Fishing Excursion," "Rehearsing for Private Theatricals," "Swearing Off Smoking," "A Bilious Attack," "Opening a Jack Pot," "An Amateur Agriculturist," "A Desperate Situation," "In a Sleeping Car," "The Bathing Suit," "A Slim Banquet," etc., etc. We know of no book that contains more genuine fun and laughable situations than does this, and we commend it to all who enjoy such reading. "The SPOOPENDYKE PAPERS" will be sent by mail post-paid to any address upon receipt of **Ten Cents.**

Book Dept., Broadway Magazine, 1123 Broadway, New York.

MANY of the **Original Drawings** by Gunn, Stanlaws, Johnson, Hopkinson and others in this issue are for sale by the publishers at a reasonable price. Write for particulars, giving number of page containing picture you want. Art Department, BROADWAY MAGAZINE, 1123 Broadway, New York

Come To This Office And See the Photographs and Songs offered by the publishers in these advertising pages.

The August number of the Broadway magazine will be a great Midsummer Number.

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A GOOD DEAL OF COIN

Comes to us from the sale of

Volume One

and

Volume Two

of the

Broadway Magazine

PRICE $1 EACH.

Don't you want to be in the running? Read on and see what an

Excellent Investment it is.

$1——VOLUME ONE——$1

(May, 1898, to September, 1898.)

Gleams with youth, love, and beauty. Full page pictures of Marie Studholme, Lillian Russell, Alan Dale, Effie Shannon, Edna Wallace Hopper, Irene Vera, Dorothy Usner, Ada Rehan, Paula Edwardes, Grace Heyer, Marie Halton, Ensign Bagley, Edna May, Princess Chimay, Madge Lessing, Rear-Admiral Schley, Leona Luke, Miss Dixon, and a HUNDRED others just as fine.

SIX corking good "Tales of Broadway."

Between 150 and 200 "Silhouettes" of well-known New Yorkers, male and female, with information about them.

The Red Soubrette dazzles you with her giddy gossip.

A dozen really interesting magazine articles.

A valuable book of reference of the war with Spain—interesting and exclusive photographs.

ONE DOLLAR.

$1——VOLUME TWO——$1 (October, 1898, to March, 1899.)

Scintillates with jollity, brilliance and revelry. Full page pictures of Alice Judson, Clara Betz, Hope Booth, Jessica Sheldon, Vashti Earle, Imogene Comer, Della Fox, John Kelly (drawn by himself), Jessie Wood (drawn by herself), Olive May, Felicia Baranco, Queenie Vassar, Helen Marlborough, Bonnie Maginn, Chrissie Carlyle, Florence Rockwell, Nellie Braggins, William Faversham, and as many others over and over and over again in numbers.

SIX MORE thrilling "Tales of Broadway."

Percival Pash's vivid verses; no other verses like them elsewhere.

The Red Soubrette continues to gossip and gives much interesting information in her cute and absolutely original style. She has been imitated, but still remains *sui generis*. (Look that phrase up.)

Splendidly written articles on "The Turtle" and Clara Betz's act.

The best French photographs beautifully reproduced.

Everything in it you want and nothing you would not want to see in it. You cannot afford to be without it. ONE DOLLAR.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE FOR NOTHING?

OF course you would Anybody would. Then get four of your friends to subscribe for one year each at $1.00, send the money to this office, and we will send you the BROADWAY MAGAZINE to yourself for the next year **FOR NOTHING.**

TOUPEES

HEPNER'S WIGS

Grease Paints and Powders

Broadway Theatre Building
NEW YORK

97 Washington Street
CHICAGO

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Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

COMPLEXION is the KEYNOTE OF BEAUTY

Without it, the features are dead. Add color, and the pallid woman blushes into a goddess

BEAUTY STILL SWAYS the world, as in the days when the "Holland Dames," of New Amsterdam literally **brushed** themselves into purity and loveliness. Then every mother taught her daughter that **pure blood within and cleanliness without made a perfect complexion.**

THREE THINGS are REQUISITE to this end—a blood alterant, a "best" soap, and a

"Holland Dame" Face Brush—

....FOULD'S

1. The safest and most effective alterant for the blood is Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, known, sold and endorsed all over the world. Even when used **alone,** these wafers quickly give a rosy transparency to the skin and captivating brilliancy to the eyes.

2. Thorough cleanliness can only be secured by the use of hot water, the best soap—Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap—and the Face Brush, of which our "Holland Dame" is the only scientific and effective form. Fould's soap is not only a specially prepared complexion soap, but is a specific in all diseases of the skin, scalp and face. In combination with the wafers, a perfect complexion is assured in half the time.

3. The Face Brush—Fould's "Holland Dame," the third requisite in the creation of beauty—is rapidly becoming a toilet necessity with refined and intelligent people. Nothing can take its place. Hands, cloths and sponges do not and cannot clean **the outlets** of the ten million pores of our sixteen square feet of skin. The "Holland Dame" Face Brush is fine enough to reach the minutest pore, and yet strong enough to root out packed secretions like the repulsive blackhead, and allow the pores to contract and disappear.

So with all other skin blemishes and diseases.

The "Holland Dame" Face Brush will cure muddy, sallow, red, rough, mottled, and liver and moth spotted faces. The treatment outlined will banish red noses, double and triple chins, flabby cheeks, puffy and baggy eyes, and inflamed eyelids.

The "Holland Dame" Face Brush will eradicate crow-feet and wrinkles from brow and cheeks, between, above and beneath the eyes, in front of the ears, and the fine lines and discoloration round the neck, caused by tight linen collars.

The "Holland Dame" Face Brush does this by cleansing the skin thoroughly, and treating the tissues supporting the skin to a **gentle massage,** which rounds them into youthful loveliness.

Could the original Holland Dame revisit the earth, she might well say to her great-great-granddaughter: "If I had possessed Fould's Face Brush, Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap, Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, and a little of Fould's Arsenalene Cream, to apply lightly to the face before retiring, I might have bloomed in beauty for my lifetime and showered my descendants with a double share of Health and Loveliness."

Fould's Holland Dame Face Brush . . .	$1.50
Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, 50 cts. and $1.00 per box; six large boxes	5.00
Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap	.50
Fould's Arsenalene Cream	.50
Fould's Medicated Almond Meal . . .	.25

Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD,

Room 107, 214 Sixth Avenue,

NEW YORK.

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Tennyson Neely's Thrilling Books

Make Splendid Summer Reading.

Readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE should purchase the entertaining books listed below. They are the latest publications of Tennyson Neely and are among the most exciting books in the world.

Porto Rico and the West Indies, by Margherita Arlina Hamm. Cloth, $1.25. Fully illustrated

Manila and the Philippines, by Margherita Arlina Hamm. Cloth, $1.25. Fully illustrated.

The Little I Saw of Cuba, by Burr McIntosh. Fully illustrated. Finest war book yet issued. Cloth, $2.50.

Greater America. 160 full-page half-tone photographs. Scenes from Cuba. the Philippines, camp life, and active warfare. Cloth, 50 cents.

WAR BOOKS,

By CHARLES KING, now General in the U. S. Army and fighting in the Philippines.

Best war stories ever published. Here they are:

A Wounded Name. 25 cents.
Warrior Gap. 25 cents.
Fort Frayne 25 cents.
An Army Wife. 25 cents.
A Garrison Tangle. 25 cents.
Noble Blood and A West Point Parallel. 25c.
Trumpeter Fred 25 cents.

The following books from Neely's Universal Library will be found the most realistic novels now on the market.

The Honor of a Princess. 25 cents.
Kings in Adversity 25 cents.
Though Your Sins be as Scarlet. 25 cents.
Masked in Mystery. 25 cents.
Anita, the Cuban Spy. 25 cents.
How Women Love, by Max Nordau. 25 cts.
Cyrano de Bergerac (story form). 25 cents.
Sweet Danger, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 25c.

Any of the above books will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Address: ***Book Department, Broadway Magazine, 1123 Broadway, New York City.***

The Red Soubrette Interviews.

The best ever, as the saying is. Most humorous newspaper interviews ever published. The identity of the Red Soubrette has been convulsing Broadway for many moons, but she manages to hide it pretty well. Her interviews commenced with the year. These are they, or them:

January, 1899. With Augustin Daly. 10 cents.
February, 1899. With Lillian Russell. 10 cents.
March, 1899. With Tod Sloan. 10 cents.
April, 1899. With C. D. Gibson. 10 cents.
May, 1899. With Foxhall Keene. 10 cents.

With more to come.

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE OF 1899 REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF THE COMPANY OF THE SUMMER GIRL AT SEASHORE, COUNTRY, AND MOUNTAIN.

JULY TO SEPTEMBER.

The Summer Girl may have this company for 25 cents: that is, the Broadway Magazine, to any address, for three months, for the amount mentioned.

CRASH! CRASH!!

THERE was a sound resembling thunder, or the crack of doom, or something, and then the population of New York poured like so many streams of molten lava towards those news-stands that had copies of the

BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. I.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Grabbing them up hastily and leaving their mountains of quarters behind, they fled the scene precipitately in order to go home and read the QUARTERLY aforesaid. **WHY?**

BECAUSE:

1. The BROADWAY QUARTERLY, Number I, (25 cents), begins with a brilliantly beautiful cover picture.
2. The BROADWAY QUARTERLY (25 cents) contains full-page pictures of many of our most striking theatrical beauties, to wit: Alice Judson, Maude King, Lola Hawthorne, Clara Betz, Jennie Hawley, Hope Booth, Jessica Sheldon, Mabel Bouton, Yolande Wallace, Grace Heyer, Vashti Earle, Louise Willis Hepner, Marie Studholme, Lillian Russell, Imogene Comer, Marguerite Sylva, Merri Osborne, and many others, a large number of the above being in tighty tights.
3. The BROADWAY QUARTERLY, Number I. (25 cents), has lots of splendid French photographs.
4. The BROADWAY QUARTERLY, Number I. (25 cents), gives the writings of the Red Soubrette and Percival Pash, a truly great team.
5. The BROADWAY QUARTERLY, Number I. (25 cents), is made up of three numbers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, alone worth 30 cents. So you make at least a nickel by the transaction, to say nothing of the enjoyment it will give you.
6. The BROADWAY QUARTERLY, Number I. (25 cents), is really worth double the money. It is three numbers in one, and SUCH a cover!

ARE THESE REASONS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1123 Broadway, New York City.

Broadway Quarterly, no. 2 is called "Broadway Summer Girls." Bigger and better than ever. 25 cents.

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED IN EVERY SHOW TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES

FOR THE

Dramatic Magazine

THE HANDSOMEST AND BEST OF ALL

Theatrical Publications

Ask your dealer for it, or send 10c. in stamps for SAMPLE COPY to

Dramatic Magazine Press

356 Dearborn St., Chicago

This special offer of ten cents is made only to readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

STORIES FROM NATURE!

True Stories
Complete Stories
Fascinating Stories

THE telling of a true story is not unjust, because it is the truth. **Young's Magazine** has for a motto —"The truth and nothing but the truth." Incidents and life histories are always softened in tones when narrated in **Young's Magazine.** They are always true, with reserved details to make the stories and incidents related of more vivid coloring, if contradicted or assailed. If a life history is written with words of truth it cannot offend, for it has the strength of truth. This is the strength of such books as "Quo Vadis." It tells of the truth of men and women bowed, humbled in the lust of the times of Roman emperors. If they were not of truth they would offend, for no writer of established fame would dare write of the feast where men and women lay on the same couch, in a fierce struggle for the triumph of virtue over passion under the very eyes of Nero.

The Magazine will be mailed to any address for 10c. a copy

COURTLAND H. YOUNG, Publisher

120 Carondelet Street
NEW ORLEANS

Popular Free Course of Lessons in Spanish

NOW RUNNING IN

The International Magazine....

(First Lesson in July, 1898, Number)

Take It Up and Qualify Yourself to Exploit Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, South America and Central America

Tourists will soon be flocking to these countries, and business men will find there their most lucrative trade.

These Lessons are Recorded on THE GRAPHOPHONE

So that all who wish may, at a moderate expense avail themselves of the

Most Marvelous Aid in Language Self-Instruction.

10c. a copy
25c. a quarter
$1.00 a year

A. T. H. BROWER
ED. AND PROP'R
358 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"Tales of Broadway."

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S "Tales of Broadway" have justly achieved celebrity. They are being spoken of around Broadway and its environs. Mr. Gordon Palmer, the author of them, will continue to turn out his best work for this magazine. We can promise you nothing better.

This is a list of the stories up to date:

May, 1898. "Chrissie Latelle, Soubrette." 25 cents.
June, 1898. "Jack Perry, Artist." 10 cents.
July, 1898. "Tom Lightly to the Front." 10 cents.
August, 1898. "A Long Branch Angel." 10 cents.
September, 1898. "The Experience of Algernon de Face." 10 cents.
October, 1898. "Why Helen Van Buskirk Went on the Stage." 10 cents.
November, 1898. "How the Old Flame Went Out." 10 cents.
December, 1898. "Lilies of the Valley." 10 cents.
January, 1899. "How She Married Willie in Spite of Himself." 10 cents.
February, 1899. "Bobbie's Rings." 10 cents.
March, 1899. "In which Garters are Trumps" 10 cents.
April, 1899. "When a Young Man 's Virtuous." 10 cents.
May and June, 1899. "The Pursuit of Virtue." (Continued Story—the first two installments) 10 cents each.

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WEST SHORE'S NEW TIME-TABLE.

The annual summer time-table of the West Shore Railroad went into effect Sunday, June 4th. There are many new features shown in the schedule.

The "Continental Limited," the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Limited, remain unchanged, making the usual fast time through to Chicago and St Louis.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer, Catskill Mountain Express and the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga Limited were scheduled to go into effect on June 26th.

The principal feature of this year's Catskill Mountain service, is the running of a Catskill Mountain Sunday Special which leaves New York at 10:00 A.M.

There are many improvements made in the local service. All trains running in connection with the Fitchburg RR. are running via Rotterdam Junction, not via Albany, as heretofore.

The fast national limited train, known as No. 19, runs daily except Sunday.

Under the new time-table the station formerly known as Schraalenburgh will be shown as Dumont, and Hampton Ferry is shown as Cedarcliff.

STUNNING PICTURES OF ACTRESSES!

A partial list of those which have appeared in the last fourteen numbers of the Broadway Magazine. "T" stands for "in tights."

Any copy below, except May, 1898, will be sent for Ten Cents in stamps or silver. May, 1898, sells for Twenty-five Cents.

T Agnew, Clarisse, June, '98.
Baranco, Felicia, Jan., '99.
T Barrison, Lona, Jan., '99.
Belle, May, Apr., '99.
Belton, Mabel, Apr., '99.
Berry, Maude, June, '98.
T Betz, Clara, Oct., '98.
Bloodgood, Clara, June, '98.
Bloodgood, Fannie, May, '98.
T Booth, Hope, Oct., '98.
Boucicault, Louise, June, '98.
Bouton, Mabel, Oct., '98.
Bouton, Madeline, July, '98.
Brown, Susan, Apr., '99.
Bradley, Mae, May, '98.
" " June, '98.
Braggins, Nellie, March, '99.
T Bridges, Minnie, Sept., '98.
Carl, Bessie, July, '98.
Carlyle, Crissie, May, '98.
T " " Mar., '99.
Chimay, Princess, Aug., '98.
Cleveland, Camille, Aug., '98.
Comer, Imogene, Nov., '98.
Crater, Arline, May, '98.
Cushman, Charlotte, June, '98.
Dale, Kate, June, '98.
Dare, Ada, June, '98.
Davenport, Fanny, June, '98.
Doerk, Gretchen, Sept., '98.
Dupont, Helen, May, '98.
Durand, Rita, Mar., '99.
Earl, Vashti, Nov., '98.
Edwardes, Paula, July, '98.
Edwardy, Gerome, May, '98.
Fealy, Maude, June, '98.
Fenton, Mabel, June, '98.
Fox, Della, Dec., '98.
Freeman, Grace, Apr., '99.
George, Marie, Apr., '99.
Gurnett, Ursula, June, '98.
Halton, Marie, July, '98.
Harper, Belle, June, '98.
Hawley, Jennie, Oct., '98.
T Hawthorne, Nellie, July, '98.
Held, Anna, Dec., '98.
" " Feb., '99.
Hengler, Flora, June, '98.
Hengler, May, June, '98.
Hepner, Louise, May, '98.
" " June, '98.
T " " Oct., '98.
Heyer, Grace, July, '98.
" " Oct., '98.
Hill, Eunice, May, '98.
Hopper, Edna Wallace, June, '98.
" " Aug., '98.
Howland, Jobyna, Apr., '99.
T Judson, Alice, Oct., '98.
T King, Maude, Oct., '98.
T Kopp, Norma, Mar., '99.
La Liska, July, '98.
Lessing, Madge, Aug., '98.
T " " Mar., '99.
Lewis, Leona, Dec., '98.
Lind, Letty, June, '98.
T Livingstone, Belle, Aug., '98.
Lowe, Ollie, June, '98.
Maclaren, Sara, May, '98.
T Maginn, Bonnie, Mar., '99.
Mann, Adeline, May, '98.
Marlborough, Helen, Feb., '99.
Martinot, Sadie, Aug., '98.
May, Edna, July, '98.
May, Olive, Jan., '99.
McDonald, Christie, June, '98.
Morris, Nina, July, '98.
Nielson, Alice, June, '98.
Osborne, Merri, May, '98.
" " Dec., '98.
Patrice, Sept., '98.
Pringle, Della, July, '98.
Randall, Sally, Apr., '99.
Rawlston, Zelma, June, '98.
T Rehan, Ada, June, '98.
Rivers, Gertrude, May, '98.
Rockwell, Florence, Mar., '99.
Rossmore, Dorothy, June, '98.
Russell, Lillian, May, '98.
" " Aug., '98.
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St. Claire, Edith, May, '98.
Shannon, Effie, May, '98.
Sheldon, Jessica, Oct., '98.
Simpson, Cheridah, June, '98.
Studholme, Marie, May, '98.
" " Nov., '98.
Sutherland, Bessie, Sept., '98.
T Sylva, Marguerite, Aug., '98.
" " Nov., '98.
Tempest, Marie, Oct., '98.
Tetinia, Apr., '99.
Titcomb, Heloise, Apr., '99.
Train, Pauline, June, '98.
Usner, Dorothy, June, '98.
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Valleau, Marie, May, '98.
Van Buren, Mary, June, '98.
Vassar, Queenie, Feb., '99.
Vera, Irene, May, '98.
T Wallace, Yolande, Oct., '98.
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Wallis, Gladys, July, '98.
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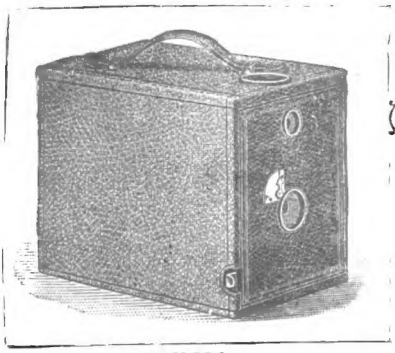

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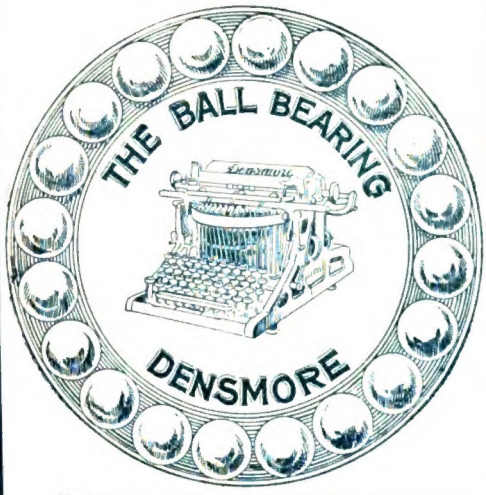

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